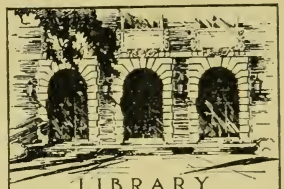

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
P883mr
v. 1

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

APR 15 1980

FEB 23 1981

L161—O-1096

MRS. TREGASKISS

VOL. I.

NEW NOVELS.

WHEN LEAVES WERE GREEN. By SYDNEY HODGES. 3 vols.

MARRIED OR SINGLE? By B. M. CROKER. 3 vols.

A WOMAN INTERVENES. By ROBERT BARR. 1 vol.

THE TRACK OF A STORM. By OWEN HALL. 1 vol.

LILITH. By GEORGE MACDONALD. 1 vol.

LADY KILPATRICK. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. 1 vol.

THE MYSTERY OF JAMAICA TERRACE. By DICK DONOVAN. 1 vol.

CLARENCE. By BRET HARTE. 1 vol.

THE GOLDEN ROCK. By ERNEST GLANVILLE. 1 vol.

THE FAT AND THE THIN. By E. ZOLA. 1 vol.

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

MRS. TREGASKISS

A NOVEL OF ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN LIFE

BY

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

AUTHOR OF

'POLICY AND PASSION,' 'CHRISTINA CHARD,' 'THE ROMANCE OF A STATION,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1896

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://www.archive.org/details/mrstregaskissnov01prae

823
P883mr
v.1

McLaughlin 47 ab, 53

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	COMING HOME	1
II.	DR. GENESTE	20
III.	UNMATED	48
IV.	THE STORY OF CLARE GARDYNE	72
V.	OVER THE PLAINS	99
VI.	'HOW LONG? HOW LONG?'	118
VII.	THE CUSACKS	142
VIII.	RETROSPECTIVE	165
IX.	IN THE GARDEN	188
X.	LIGHT ON THE TRAGEDY	205
XI.	MOUNT WOMBO	220

3/5/92.

MRS. TREGASKISS

CHAPTER I.

COMING HOME.

CLARE TREGASKISS was coming home with her two children—a girl of six and a baby in arms. She had just arrived at the Cedar Hill Terminus on the new railway line 'out West.'

Why had they called it Cedar Hill? This she vaguely wondered as the train crawled towards the station, through a sandy plain in which there was neither hill nor sign of cedar-tree visible. There seemed nothing between the great flat and the horizon except a belt of gidia scrub, marking the course of a creek, or a straggling cluster of tall skeleton-like coolabah-trees, or the shape of

an incoming bullock-dray, showing grotesquely against the hot steely sky. The plain was a desolate thirsty expanse of burned-up grass and withered shrubs of the lignum vitæ, with here and there a stunted sandal-wood or brigalow tree, the sleepers of the railway cutting it in two straight lines that ended at a row of zinc sheds beside which the train halted.

The sun beat pitilessly upon the corrugated roofs and walls of the sheds, which were something of the same colour as the sky; and the dust of the plain made a brownish-yellow haze above the flooring within them, where were piled bales of wool, which had been brought down from up-country by drays and were waiting transport to the coast, each compact heap having its own distinctive brand or initial to indicate the owner of the sheep-station whence it had come. Outside the sheds lay rubbish left by the railway workers—mounds of caked oil, scattered logs and planks, slabs of zinc, lengths of rusty iron, and disused implements. Several goods waggons were drawn up at a siding, tarpaulin-covered, and loaded with bales of

wool. The station-master in shirt sleeves and a couple of grimy porters were waiting on the platform, and a small crowd of rough-bearded men, mostly in moleskins and Crimean shirts open at the breast, with one or two of the squatter order in thin alpaca coats, pressed forward to meet certain feminine arrivals, of whom several seemed on the face of things barmaids. None of these men had come to meet Mrs. Tregaskiss.

She discovered this fact in a rapid glance along the platform, and waited till the crowd had dispersed and the station was comparatively quiet. From outside the railway sheds came the sound of clanking yokes and chains, of cracking whips and bullock-drivers oaths, and as Mrs. Tregaskiss passed out she saw an array of drays. Some were tilted forward, and in process of unlading; others were having their beasts unyoked; and some had small tents erected on top of the wool bales, where dwelt the wives and families of the bullock-drivers; while behind more than one were two or three goats to supply milk for the children. Others were just

coming in from the Bush—strange, lumbering, top-heavy masses, drawn by teams of fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-four bullocks, the beasts with heads bent under the yoke, flanks heaving, tongues lolling, the streaming saliva making a viscous trail on the dusty road. Their drivers walked beside them, dust-caked, sunburned, knotty-looking fellows, their faces beaded with perspiration, arms and chests bare, and with greasy hats and limp pugarees. They goaded on the tired animals, which turned and butted and gave weary bellows as their drivers urged them with mighty lashings of the thick-thonged whips and much blasphemous shouting.

At the opening of the sheds Mrs. Tregaskiss again stood still for a minute or two, and looked to her right and to her left. She seemed to be searching for someone who was not to be found. There was a faint trace of apprehension in her wide-open brown eyes, and she breathed a little sigh, half impatient, half relieved, while her lips gave an involuntary twitch that weakened momentarily the steadfast curves of her finely-modelled mouth. It was a curious

mouth, with a patient melancholy smile, and something fixed and inscrutable in its expression, which, combined with the sensitive lines at the corners and the quickly-dilating nostrils above, suggested emotional forces hidden under a sedulous reserve.

She looked out on a dusty road, bordered by zinc houses, with patches of brown grass, and here and there a parched gidia-tree between the inclosures. The very vegetation gave an impression of thirst and glare. A hibiscus shrub flaunting its red blossoms was an offence to the eye, which found relief only in a green passion vine or native cucumber struggling up a bough-shade of withered branches. The zinc buildings threw out cruel diamond gleams, for all the houses almost at Cedar Hill were of zinc; they had travelled up the line to each successive terminus, and as the line went westward would be packed up and carried to the next township. There was a store, a zinc lock-up, a few dwelling-huts, and all the rest of the buildings were public-houses. Fifteen there were in all, each with its usual crowd of rowdies, bullock-drivers, fencers, shearers,

stockmen, diggers, shepherds 'on the burst,' and the miscellaneous riff-raff which collects in a Northern township—an odd background for this lady, who somehow gave the idea that she had been born and brought up among the subtleties of an Old World civilization. To a certain extent this was the case, but, as a matter of fact, Clare Tregaskiss was quite familiar with Bush life in its roughest aspects. For ten years she had been the wife of a Western squatter, and, with the exception of a winter in Sydney, and occasional visits to the coast township of Port Victoria, had lived all those years at Mount Wombo Station, in the unsettled district of the Leura.

She was returning now from a three months' stay at Port Victoria, during which time the birth of her second living child had taken place. In her absence the line had made a further stage; and this was her first visit to Cedar Hill.

Of the fifteen public-houses, there was one standing opposite the railway sheds which called itself the Terminus Hotel, and had a claim to distinction as being the only place

in Cedar Hill where a lady might find respectable accommodation. The building was of zinc, too, but its framework was of wood, and it had a double story and a veranda, while two tall papaw apple-trees in front, and a weedy patch of garden, proclaimed that its site had once been occupied by a shepherd's shanty or a Chinaman's hut, and took away from it somewhat of the stigma of mushroom growth. A number of Bushmen were smoking and drinking on the veranda, and several horses were hitched to a post outside the bar. Mrs. Tregaskiss turned to a black-boy following her, and bade him carry her baggage across to the hotel. The baggage consisted mostly of leather saddle-bags, arranged evidently with a view to transit by pack-horse, but there was as well, a small flat portmanteau, a baby's bassinet sewn up in canvas, and sundry parcels, to be packed into the buggy with which her husband was to meet her here.

She held her eldest child by the hand, and a young half-caste girl, neatly dressed, and wearing uncomfortable-looking new leather

boots, came close behind carrying the baby, who was crying fretfully. The boots, to which she was unaccustomed, hindered her from walking with her native freedom. Mrs. Tregaskiss cast back an occasional anxious glance at the half-caste and her burden. She felt that she ought, perhaps, to be carrying the baby herself, and yet, poor thing! it was pathetically evident, in spite of her self-contained calm and patient attention to the matter in hand, that the duties of nurse were not wholly congenial to her temperament, and that possibly the half-caste might manage the infant more dexterously than its mother.

One of the bullock-drivers coming along with his team suspended a volley of oaths to call out:

'My word! if that isn't the Kiddie! I'm blowed if she ain't a bigger beauty than she was before she went down! Eh, Miss Ning? Aren't you going to say "How de do" to Jo Ramm?'

The child piped out in a clear, unchild-like voice, which had a curious touch of the blacks' twang:

'How de do, Jo Ramm? I'se quite well, thank you. I'se not to be called Kiddie —it's not 'spectful; but "—graciously—"I'll 'low you, because you is a bullock-driver. What for you scold your bullocks so bad? Ning not like you. Poor bullocks! I believe that fellow cobbon tired.'

She stepped a pace forward as if she was going to pat one of the foremost beasts. It lifted its head and opened its great mouth in a bellow which did not at all affright Ning, for she kept her ground steadily, while Ramm prodded the animal with his whip and turned the beast towards its mate, from which it had been pulling off. Ning was a queer, elf-like creature, with a prominent forehead, a mass of curly dark hair, and beautiful serious brown eyes—her mother's eyes. She was carrying a doll, which she now admonished for being frightened of the bullocks. The bullock-driver laughed loudly in delight.

'Bless her! *She* don't know what fear is, don't that Kiddie. Beg pardon, Mrs. Tregaskiss, but it comes natural, seeing it's what her daddy calls her. Oh, she's a rare

pickaninny, is that one. And she hain't forgot her blacks' lingo. You see, Miss Ning, he's a nasty, ill-tempered, contrairy cuss, is that old bally worker, and takes a power of pitching into to make him go, or else stand still when he is wanted to. Yes, you do, you old——blessed angel you! S'oo! Wo up, there! I've got an emu's egg I've been keeping for you, Miss Ning, and I'll fetch it across when my swag's got down from the dray.'

'Have you seen anything of Mr. Tregaskiss, Ramm?' asked the lady. She had a very sweet, rich voice, with the Australian plaintive note in it, and deeper inflections besides, which belong to no country, unless it be to the kingdom of sorrow.

'Last I saw of Mr. Tregaskiss,' replied Ramm, 'was at Brinda Plains a month ago, when there was a cattle muster going on, and all hands at work, and I was fetching rations from Ilgandah. I believe he is on the road behind, coming down to look out for you, ma'am. That's what I made out of Jemmy the Liar when he passed me this morning with his mails. Shouldn't wonder

if that's Jemmy coming in now. You bet he went round to Flood's Selection for a drink.'

There was a sound of hoofs behind, and Jemmy Rodd, the mail-man, came clattering along on his raw-boned chestnut mare, and leading a flea-bitten gray, on which were strapped his blanket and a pile of leather mail-bags. At sight of Mrs. Tregaskiss he pulled up.

'Good-day, Mrs. Tregaskiss. Glad to see you back. Hope you are pretty well.'

'Very well, thank you, Rodd. How do you and the mail get on?'

'Oh, I keeps my contract time, ma'am, I keeps my contract time, in spite of the heads of the creeks coming down in a flood when it's as dry as blazes on the plains, and the old chestnut bucking out of her skin when you try to put her into water running over her saddle-flaps. Oh, she knows the Government regulations does that old mare, and she knows it ain't in the Government contract to swim creeks above the flaps—no, not for all the complaints some bosses choose to lodge agin the mail-man. But I should say he

has made himself pretty cheap at the General Post-Office with his grumblings and his blowings about Brinda Plains has Mister Cusack.'

'Oh, you know that's Jemmy the Liar's way, ma'am,' put in Ramm aside. 'Mr. Cusack may be a blower—I don't deny it—but, to my sartain knowledge, he has lodged but one complaint, and that was when you went two days on the burst, Jemmy, at the Coffin-Lid, and spoilt him a sale through the mail being late. As for the creeks coming down, they hain't been down for over a year, bad luck for the country; and as for that old chestnut—the Leura Terror, as you call her'—and Ramm laughed derisively—'why, she hain't got a pig-jump in her, let alone a decent buck.'

Jemmy the Liar was evidently accustomed to have doubts cast upon his veracity, for he bore the reproach with meekness. Mrs. Tregaskiss interposed, repeating the question she had asked Ramm, Had Rodd seen anything of Mr. Tregaskiss?

'My word! I passed him this morning camping out by The Grave, and in the devil

of a fluster! Something started the buggy horses in the night, and they broke their hobbles and bolted clean away with one of the pack-horses. They're young 'uns, broken in since you went away, ma'am, and spankers to go. Tommy George was after them on the other pack-horse, and Mr. Tregaskiss gave me a message for you that he hoped to be down to-night, and that you were to wait for him at Ruffey's.'

'Oh, thank you, Rodd. I hope everything is going on well on the Leura.'

Rodd did not answer for a moment. Both the men were gazing at Mrs. Tregaskiss. Her voice had a sort of fascination for them; they said it was like music, and Ramm told his wife there were times when it went to his heart.

'Seems as if it didn't ought to belong to the Bush, somehow—has a kind of tremble in it like bottled-up tears begun to fizz and wanting to be let out.'

That was how Ramm put it.

Jemmy Rodd's verdict upon her long ago had been:

'She is a real lady, and none of your

jumped-up sort—always ready and obliging with a nip when I brings in the mail-bag after a long day—no nasty darned pride about her. *She* don't mind what she puts her hand to. I've seen her baking a batch of soda-bread in the camp oven, and boiling salt junk for travellers when there was no Chinaman in the kitchen, and the men belonging to the huts camping out.'

'How's things doing on the Leura?' he repeated. 'Well, water's pretty scarce, Mrs. Tregaskiss, and Cusack's sheep are dying, and he has put fresh hands on to the Bores. There's a talk of a strike among the shearers, and the shearing at Brinda Plains is stopped; freedom of contract the men want, and the squatters ain't going to let them have it. Old Cusack's in a mortal funk of having his wool-shed burnt down, but he daren't give in, and the men are mad with him because he palavered and then turned coat. And now they say he has sent for free labour South, and there'll be a devil of a ruction! The water-holes are getting low, and we have got a new boss at Darra-Darra. I think that's about all the news. Mount Wombo is look-

ing fresher as to grass than most places, but, my word! the station seems that lone like without you, Mrs. Tregaskiss—it's just like home when my old woman is away. But Ah-Fat has got the garden by the water-hole in first-rate order. I expect you'll be pleased to hear that.'

'Yes, I am, indeed. You know how much I think about the garden, Rodd. Now good-day. I am very much obliged to you for bringing me the message. I must get over to the hotel. Good-day, Ramm. Miss Ning will be delighted with the emu's egg; it was kind of you to save it for her.'

'Good-day, Ramm,' echoed Ning, waving her disengaged hand, and then making her doll perform the gesture. 'Mind you are good, Ramm; and don't you say swear-words. Mummy doesn't like them. And please, Ramm, be very kind to the poor tired bullocks.'

The postman and the bullock-driver both burst into a half-tender laugh as they watched the little party crossing to the hotel.

'She is a queer one, the pickaninny,' said Rodd. 'But she's got a taking way with

her—like her mother. That's the new baby, I suppose. Its father hasn't set eyes on it yet.'

'If I had been Tregaskiss, I'd have gone to Port Victoria to fetch my missus home,' said Ramm with emphasis.

'No, you wouldn't—not if you were Tregaskiss. That black-eyed governess at Brinda Plains is playing jinks with him. He ain't the sort to do lady's man to his missus—thinks she can look after herself. And so she can, by Jove!'

'And so she can,' assented Ramm slowly, adding, after a pause, 'and after other people, too.'

'Meaning the boss? Well, I shouldn't wonder if he did want a bit of playing up to when he is in a scot. He has got a temper, has Tregaskiss. My oath! I've seen him at Wombo kicking up the devil of a row over nothing at all, and swearing at the men in a way that only a blamed fool could stand. But he seems fond of his missus; and he is not such a bad chap, taking him all round. What I have to say agin Tregaskiss,' continued Rodd, putting on a judicial air, 'is

this: It's not that he likes his own glass and takes it—Lord! I don't blame him for that—but, hang it! a man that's free with the grog to himself should be free with it in a general sort of way to strangers and mail-men; and there's no denying that Tregaskiss is a bit of a screw—a damned sight worse screw than old Cyrus Chance, I say, though I know that's not the opinion among sundowners and loafers.'

'Well, times have been bad,' replied Ramm, with soothing impartiality; 'and carriage is a consideration on an out-station like Wombo. I've sometimes thought it 'ud be a pretty calculation to strike a grog average for all hands according to the rate that the bosses take their nips, and see how many bullock drays would be wanted in the year to fetch the liquor up from here to the Leura. I likes to give folks their due, whether it's Cusack or whether it's Tregaskiss.'

'That's true,' conceded the postman reflectively, as though the matter of porterage presented a new view of the question. 'And if this drought goes on, things will be drier still every way. Bad times ain't so much

count to a boss manager like Cusack of Brinda Plains, who shears his thirty thousand sheep, and has got a Southern company at his back. But there's another tune to sing when it's the case of a cattle-station, with a debt on it most like, and the meat-preserving places shut up, and no market for fats.'

A gentleman in shirt sleeves and moleskins, with a red silk handkerchief round his waist, interrupted the discussion upon Mr. Tregaskiss' character and condition by shouting from the veranda of one of the minor public-houses a much-adjectived adjuration to the postman to stir the chestnut's stumps, and get his bags delivered and the letters sorted, as he—the individual in question—had no intention of wasting more of his blanked time waiting for up-country mails, but meant to clear out of that brimstoned place as speedily as circumstances would permit. Whereupon Jemmy roared out that he was the servant of the Leichardt's Land Government, and not of any darned flash stockman, and stated explanatorily for the benefit of whom it might concern :

' I'm a bit ahead of my time to-day. The

Leura Terror' — flicking the chestnut — 'started bucking with me this morning, and I thought as she was so flash I'd give her a sickener. She's pretty well knocked up now, but, my word! she did perform this morning! I borrowed a pair of spurs at Flood's Selection and took it out of her.'

'Oh, that be blowed for one of your yarns, Jemmy!' cried a second coatless gentleman from one of the other verandas; 'I've seen all the bucking the old Terror can do, and it's pretty harmless. She couldn't kick for sour grapes. Your horses all buck like blazes —when no one is looking.'

Again Jemmy Rodd bore the impeachment with humility. It was not his habit to defend his own statements. He stuck spurs into the chestnut and made for the post-office, where a little crowd was already waiting for the sorting and delivery of the mail brought by the incoming train.

CHAPTER II.

DR. GENESTE.

Mrs. Tregaskiss with her children and the half-caste had gone over to the hotel. She followed the black-boy up a pair of log steps to that part of the veranda called, by courtesy, the private entrance, which was, however, only separated by a wooden railing from the other part outside the public parlour, where the better class of Bushmen smoked and drank and surveyed the life of the township. Half a dozen men were there now, lounging on squatters' chairs with their pipes and newspapers, or else 'yarning' together. They looked up and inspected Mrs. Tregaskiss with a good deal of interest as she paused for a minute on the veranda, waiting a response to the black-boy's call for 'Missee

Ruffey, and uncertain as to which of the French windows she should enter by.

There presently appeared the landlady in a crumpled, rather soiled China silk dress, wearing many rings, bangles, and other miscellaneous jewellery. She had the indefinable stamp of the diggings—the free, saucy, yet rough and ready, self-respecting air of a woman accustomed to dealing over a bar with customers who occasionally required plain speaking, if not severer correction. A short colloquy took place on the veranda. Mrs. Ruffey cast a sympathetic glance at the baby and a long look of compassionate curiosity at its mother. Ladies of the type of Mrs. Tregaskiss were not common in Mrs. Ruffey's experience. The tall, thin figure, dressed in cool, quiet gray, with a shady hat and veil tied beneath the chin, the smooth, still olive face, the large grave brown eyes; the almost painfully sweet smile—a smile so faint as to convey the idea of a studied and exquisite self-repression; the extreme quietude of the gestures, and the musical voice with that underlying note of passion—all expressed characteristics which seemed to separate Mrs.

Tregaskiss absolutely from other squatters' wives of Mrs. Ruffey's acquaintance.

The landlady dropped something of her free and easy air, as she led the new-comers upstairs to a small sitting-room and rather larger bedchamber opening out of it, which she said made up the only accommodation that could at present be given Mrs. Tregaskiss. To Clare, in her weariness, the place seemed a little heaven. It would do very well, she said. If, perhaps, a bed could be found elsewhere for the half-caste, Claribel.

The baby was crying louder now, and Mrs. Tregaskiss took it from the nurse's arms and hushed it against her bosom. 'Would Mrs. Ruffey send up some warm water, some tea, and a glass of milk for the little girl? And would she have the saddle-bags brought to them and let Mr. Tregaskiss know on his arrival where to find her?'

Mrs. Ruffey departed, followed by the half-caste. The mother unfastened her dress and suckled the infant. Presently its wail ceased, but the sustenance did not seem entirely satisfying, for it twisted about its tiny head, and murmured discontentedly.

Mrs. Tregaskiss' form was girlish in its contour. She was not the type of matron who bounteously nourishes her young.

The baby fell asleep, and she sat on in the uncomfortable armchair, holding it more loosely and not looking at it. Her thoughts had evidently wandered from the duties of maternity. Her limbs and features relaxed, and the brown eyes stared absently, while the strained smile drooped away, as it were, from her lips, which tightened in an expression that was tragic in its desolation and weariness—weariness, not only of the body, but of soul and spirit as well. Ning stood at the window watching the unloading of the bullock-drays and making comments to her doll upon what was going on, in her shrill voice and odd half-native vernacular. She turned to her mother.

'Oh, Mummy, look out. Ning mil-mil (see) another little girl plenty high up on the dray. She's coming down by a ladder. And there's her mummy, and oh! mine see little fellow Kägül—that baby—too. They been sit down on the top of the wool bales close up under the tarpaulin. Mummy, what

for you not let Jo Ramm drive us up to Wombo in his bullock-dray? I be very good. I be budgery altogether.'

Then finding that Mrs. Tregaskiss took no notice of her remarks, the child came and stood silently by the armchair, for several moments attentively regarding her mother's neck, left bare by the turned-back bodice. She appeared struck by its extreme thinness, and, stealing closer, passed her little fingers sympathetically over the prominent collar-bones and the transparent blue-veined flesh. She heaved a throaty sigh and made the sort of guttural 'Y—ck,' which the black gin gives when troubled or astonished.

'My word!' exclaimed Ning with deep commiseration, 'plenty bone sit down there. Altogether meat run away.'

Mrs. Tregaskiss burst into a laugh that was almost hysterical. The words, and the accent with which they were uttered, jarred upon her wandering thoughts, which, by some irrelevant association of ideas, had travelled to a certain South Kensington studio. She was picturing her friend Gladys Waraker, now Hilditch, making tea among the palms,

bulrushes, dilapidated properties, and dingy draperies which she, Clare, had once revolted from as stuffy, affected, and sham-æsthetic, but which she now recalled with a faint envy as contrasting pleasantly with the glare, bareness, and rough angles of this thirsty, uncivilized land. Ning's speech accentuated crude realities.

She checked her laugh, as the babe stirred uneasily upon her lap.

'Oh, Ning, take care not to wake little sister. Ningie has forgotten all Mummy told her,' she went on in a low voice. 'You know Mummy said that you weren't to talk blacks' language. You are a little white girl, not a pickaninny from the camp.'

'C'aribel 'minds Ning of blacks' language,' explained the child. 'She no good white woman; she altogether like it black fellow.'

'Not "altogether like it black fellow,"' corrected Mrs. Tregaskiss. 'Claribel talks too much like the blacks. That is what Ning means. But Claribel is half white, and will soon learn better. We are going to teach her to live in a house and to talk and to do things like white people.'

Ning shook her head doubtfully. She had no faith in Claribel's regeneration.

'What for Daddy not have white servants like Mr. Cusack?' she asked. 'White servants much better. Mrs. Cusack has three white women servants at Brinda Plains, and there is a Chinaman for a cook besides. What for, Mummy, we no have white women at Wombo, only a Chinaman? Minyango?' exclaimed Ning defiantly—which, being interpreted, means Why?

'Why?' The contrast between the domestic arrangements of Mount Wombo, her own home, and Brinda Plains, had often forced itself upon Mrs. Tregaskiss, as it had done upon Ning, though she was not given to petty jealousy. After all, the question was easily answered.

'Because Daddy has lost a great deal of money, Ningie, my dear, and because the bank would turn us out of Mount Wombo, and we should be like the blacks, and have no house to live in, if we spent too much money in paying servants' wages. Now go again to the window, and watch Ramm and the bullock-drays until Claribel comes back.'

Mrs. Tregaskiss got up, careful not to disturb the sleeping child, which she carried into the next room. She placed it on the bed and laid herself down beside it for a few minutes, hushing it off into sound sleep before she dared to move her arm. The little chamber, with its zinc roof and uncurtained windows, through which the sun streamed and the noise from the township entered unmuffled, was horribly glaring and oppressive in its coarse whiteness of new mosquito-curtains and cheap, light wall-paper.

The canvas ceiling up to which Clare vacantly stared was speckled with flies, winged ants, and long-legged, curious insects. A spider, as fat and bloated as a tarantula, had drawn his web across one of the corners, and flies buzzed down, making their sickening noise round the sleeping child's face; they were getting dull and heavy, as flies do in muggy summer weather, and one settled at the corner of the infant's mouth, wet still with its mother's milk. Clare rose and drew down the white blind in an ineffectual attempt to darken the room. The sun, which was

getting towards the horizon, threw off reddish gleams from the iron roofs of the houses opposite. She looked up the whity-brown road to see if there was any sign of her husband's buggy, but she saw only another incoming dray and a rider with a pack-horse moving outwards. The great brown plain, with dull patches of lignum vitæ and salt-bush, brown, too, and looking like heaps of earth or stones, made her think of the desert as she had seen it once from Biskrah, in Algeria, only that there were no palms in the foreground. She felt a little faint and dizzy. The heat was like a tangible weight upon her head, and she remembered that she had not eaten much during the journey, and thought she would go into the sitting-room and see if there was a bell, by means of which she might hurry Mrs. Ruffey with the tea. Then she almost laughed at herself for imagining that there could be a bell-pull in a zinc Bush inn. If there had been one it would not have made much difference, for she had hardly crossed the threshold of the inner room when a giddiness overpowered her. For an instant walls and floor swayed,

and then they settled into blackness, and before she could snatch at anything for support, she had fallen down in a dead swoon.

Ning uttered an astonished shriek, as, at the sound of her mother's fall, she turned from contemplation of the drays and saw the prostrate form. There had not happened in the child's experience such a thing as that a grown-up person should incontinently tumble flat after that fashion. When Mrs. Tregaskiss made no sign nor movement in answer to the child's calls: 'Mummy, get up,' 'Mummy, what for you tumble down?' 'Mummy, is 'oo dead?' and when the inert hand which she lifted fell back with a thud on the floor, Ning was frightened. She rushed out, down the narrow stairs, and into the lower parlour, where the landlady was talking to a tall gentleman who appeared to be paying his bill.

'Oh, please come up and look at Mummy!' she screamed. 'Mummy has tumbled down, and won't get up. I want to know if Mummy is dead.'

'My goodness!' cried the landlady, 'per-

haps she has fainted, and I don't wonder. It's Mrs. Tregaskiss,' she explained rapidly to the gentleman, 'just come up from Port Victoria. She looked regular done up with the train journey. Baby not much more than a month old. Will you help me to see to her, Dr. Geneste?'

Mrs. Ruffey led the way, the gentleman following without question. He stopped at the foot of the stairs and took Ning's hand. The child was whimpering: 'I want to know if Mummy is dead.'

'No, no; don't be frightened, little woman. Your mother is only tired; I expect she will be all right presently.'

The half-caste, who at the child's call had come in from some back region, caught Ning up in her sturdy arms, saying:

'Ba'al, you cry, pickaninny. That no good,' and echoed the doctor's assurance: 'Plenty soon missus all right.'

Mrs. Tregaskiss revived quickly under the ministrations of Mrs. Ruffey and Dr. Geneste. The man was a stranger to her—he was, as a matter of fact, the new 'boss' at Darra-Darra of whom the postman had spoken—

and she started in bewilderment as she opened her eyes and saw bending over her a tall spare form and a face totally unfamiliar but kindly—a face which was very brown, a good deal lined, and which somehow gave her the fantastic notion of a benevolent eagle. Then she became aware of the touch of hands, gentle, steady, and curiously competent, and closed her eyes again with a sense of relief. She seemed to know intuitively that the man was a doctor, and yielded herself without question to his treatment.

He gave her some brandy-and-water, which Mrs. Ruffey brought from below. They had lifted her on to the rough sofa, and he raised her head on his arm while she drank. His voice appealed to her pleasantly:

'I'm afraid it isn't very comfortable; we'll have some pillows,' he said. Mrs. Ruffey brought two from the adjoining room. The doctor felt Mrs. Tregaskiss' pulse. 'That's better.'

She opened her eyes again.

'I fainted, I suppose, but I'm all right

now. I have had one or two of these giddy fits lately.'

'Have you?' He looked at her gravely. 'You must have come down pretty suddenly; your fall shook the building. I hope you didn't hurt yourself?'

She sat up, and put her hand first to her forehead and then to the back of her head.

'I think I have given myself a bump, but it's nothing of any consequence.'

At that moment the baby in the next room awoke and cried. Mrs. Tregaskiss moved quickly, and would have got up from the sofa, but the doctor motioned her back.

'No, no, please; you'll be fainting again. Isn't there someone else who can look after the baby?'

'Claribel,' called Mrs. Tregaskiss with an effort, and when the half-caste appeared bade her bring in the child.

Dr. Geneste smiled as he followed with his eyes the movements of the gin shuffling along in her new boots.

'It's not an appropriate name exactly,' said Clare, with a wan shadow of his smile,

'but Claribel holds to it, and objects to "Bell."'

'They don't make bad nurses,' said Dr. Geneste, 'if the old Adam doesn't crop up, as in my experience it generally does. Most civilized half-castes I have known took to the Bush in the long-run.'

'Oh, I hope not. I am teaching Claribel. I always had an idea that I should like to tame a half-caste. Yes; give it to me.'

She held out her arms for the infant, which was crying in feeble fretfulness. It had been awakened by a mosquito that had crept in under the netting. The poor little thing was hot and wet with perspiration. Mrs. Tregaskiss wiped its head and forehead with her pocket-handkerchief, loosened its neck-covering, and hushed it against her bosom with the patient attention she had shown in putting it asleep; but the baby cried more loudly, taking no comfort from her ministrations. Mrs. Tregaskiss swayed herself to and fro in a vain attempt to still its wailing, and then with a despairing gesture handed it to Claribel.

'I think that perhaps she wants to be

walked about. Take her into the next room, and try and make her go bye-bye again.'

Claribel rocked the child in her strong arms, crooned to it a monotonous Corobboree tune, in which Ning joined with all due action and gesture, and before many minutes had it sound asleep once more. Dr. Geneste had been silently watching the scene. He noticed the hysterical quiver in Mrs. Tregaskiss' throat, and saw that her nerves were tortured by the heat, glare, noise, and irritating presence of the fretful baby, almost beyond her power of control.

'I wish that you would let me go and find you a quiet room to rest in,' he said, 'or else send the children away.'

'Oh, I can't, and it doesn't matter. Ning, child, don't you cry too.' For Ning had ceased from her aboriginal tune, and was softly whimpering. 'Mammy is quite well now. Ning is tired and hungry,' she added. 'I am afraid that my fainting-fit has made them forget the tea.'

She turned courteously to Mrs. Ruffey, who ran out with an exclamation of dismay.

'I should advise something more sustain-

ing than tea for you,' said Dr. Geneste. 'I'll go and forage, if you don't mind, presently. I dare say there's some soup to be had, or one might beat up an egg with brandy. You are exhausted; your pulse is dreadfully low. May I dose you?' She looked at him a little doubtfully, he fancied, and hastened to add: 'Perhaps I ought to apologize for being here. Mrs. Ruffey brought me up when the child ran down and said you had fallen. I really am a doctor, though I have turned squatter these days, and only physic people who can't get anyone else to do it. There is no other doctor, I believe, here or on the Leura, and I assure you that, one way and another, I have a good many patients in my consulting-room at the Humpey on Darra-Darra.'

'Darra-Darra?'

'We are neighbours, aren't we? I must have taken possession while you have been away at Port Victoria.'

'Oh—yes—I had not heard.'

'My name is Geneste.'

'Geneste? Oh yes; and you are the explorer?'

'I did that trip, Gulf-wards, if that is what you mean, and opened up a bit of Northern country. It's not a tremendous achievement.'

'Oh, I don't know'—she seemed able only to speak vaguely—'there was a great deal about it—wasn't there?—in the papers. And then the Government—I remember hearing it said that the Ministry ought to have made some recognition——'

'Governments aren't quick at recognition in that sense. Not that it matters, or that I wanted it. I'm glad to have pioneered for the telegraph-line, at any rate. That's something for the country. Now I'm a bit crippled, and am going to see what I can get out of Darra-Darra. These long droughts are ruination. I hear your husband is doing a good deal in the way of boring. I should like some time to talk to him about his Artesian wells.'

'I hope you will come over and see us at Mount Wombo,' she said faintly.

He saw that she was getting white, and felt the pulse flutter. In a moment he was the doctor again.

'Do you mind my seeing if I can't help you a little? though no doubt your doctor at Port Victoria gave you something for this sort of heart-weakness.'

'He did not say that there was anything wrong with my heart.'

'It's weak, that is all. You are anæmic, and I expect the baby is a little too much for you. How old is it?'

'Six weeks. I have not seen Dr. Finlay, of Port Victoria, quite lately. He never examined my heart.'

Dr. Geneste asked several questions, and listened for a minute or two with his ear against her chest and side. Presently she explained that she was on the way home, and was expecting Mr. Tregaskiss to meet her that evening. They were to start, she said, for Mount Wombo the next day.

'You'll rest a day or two at Brinda Plains, won't you?'

'I don't know whether we shall go that way. There are two roads, you know, almost at right angles with this place, and one as short as the other.'

'Yes, I know; I have ridden up that

way. Brinda Plains is a comfortable station, and Mrs. Cusack and her daughter are so kind. I thought you would find it a pleasant break in your journey.'

'Yes; it would be a nice break. We don't very often go to Brinda Plains, though Mrs. Cusack, as you say, is so kind; and I haven't seen Helen Cusack for ages—not since she came back from Melbourne. My husband and Mr. Cusack don't get on very well together, and I can't tell exactly why. Mr. Cusack is rather tiresome in some ways, and then, when stations adjoin, it is so easy to quarrel about unbranded calves.'

She gave a little laugh, and he did not pursue the subject. The medical conversation was resumed for a few moments, and Dr. Geneste asked permission to send up a reviving mixture—some drops which he said she would find useful in preventing the attacks of faintness, and which he hoped to procure at the store in the township. He supposed there was a place where drugs were to be obtained.

'I have a regular dispensary at Darra,' he said. 'You must remember that if you

should ever be in need, and it's lucky sometimes for the out-station people that I am handy. I just managed to save the stockman's wife at Kyabra the other day. She had given herself poison by mistake, instead of to the native dogs.'

Tea came in. It was not an unappetizing meal of fresh scones and new-laid eggs, which Mrs. Tregaskiss declared were all that she could desire. Dr. Geneste helped Ning, and waited upon his patient, whom he would not allow to rise from the sofa. He had all the Bushman's ready-handedness, and there was just sufficient aloofness in his frank cordiality to make her feel that he would never presume upon any familiarity which circumstances might enforce. Experience had taught her that the true Australian-born Bushman is chivalrous as Bayard to a lady under any circumstances whatsoever, but it had also taught her that the Englishman in the colonies is not to be summed up under so free a system of generalization. It seemed to Mrs. Tregaskiss that Geneste's manners were in some ways more English than Australian, and she wondered how long he

had lived in the wilds. She watched him as he poured out Ning's cup of milk and spread her scone with butter. His appearance attracted her. He was not a young man ; she guessed him to be about forty. He looked extremely tall—his actual height was six feet three, but though he had a well-knit frame and broad muscular shoulders, his leanness made him seem even taller. He was lame in one leg, which he dragged stiffly, the result of a spear-wound Mrs. Tregaskiss learned later ; and this accident she also learned had been the cause of his giving up the more adventurous career. He was brown and weather-beaten, and the face was seamed and lined in a manner out of proportion with his years ; but it was an impressive face, full of determination and refinement, and decidedly intellectual. The eyes were gray, keen, and rather hard in their normal expression ; but even in this short interview Mrs. Tregaskiss discovered that they had a way of dilating and softening so suddenly and completely that for the moment the whole character of the countenance was changed. The features had, too, a peculiarity—not at first noticeable

—of assuming a mask-like immobility, the refuge, possibly, of a nervous temperament afraid of self-betrayal. For the rest, Dr. Geneste's face was more interesting than handsome; in complexion it was sallow beneath the sunburn; the hair was dark brown, and the beard short, silky, and pointed, of a lighter hue.

When tea was over, he bade Mrs. Tregaskiss good-bye, promising to send her the medicine he had recommended, and regretted that he should not see her again for the present, as he was leaving that night on his way back to Darra-Darra.

'Unfortunately I have an appointment at Flood's Selection to-morrow morning,' he said, 'with the manager of a meat-preserving establishment, or I should be happy to stay till your husband's arrival on the chance of being useful. But you as a squatter's wife, Mrs. Tregaskiss, no doubt know that butchers and cattle-buyers are just the only people in the world who must not be kept waiting.'

Oh yes, Mrs. Tregaskiss had learned that lesson; and so she laughingly assured him.

Royalty did not claim greater consideration in England than the Port Victoria butcher and the manager of the meat-preserving establishment did in Australia. To her personally it was a matter of the deepest importance whether or not these personages found her to their liking upon their business visits to Mount Wombo. She often wished that her husband, like Mr. Cusack, owned sheep principally instead of cattle, since the wool market was independent of butchers.

'But not of shearers,' said Dr. Geneste. 'I hear that Mr. Cusack anticipates trouble with the Unionists, as the Strikers call themselves, and that there is to be a big fight when shearing-time comes on. Well, anyhow, I hope you will get through your journey all right, Mrs. Tregaskiss, and that you will follow my advice now and go straight to bed. I shall take an early opportunity of riding over to Mount Wombo to find out how you are and to make your husband's acquaintance.'

She thanked him.

'You have been very kind to me,' she said.

Something in the tone of her voice affected him. Although she had only spoken on commonplace matters and had said little, she had given him the impression of a woman of more than average intellect and of keen sensibility. She seemed to him utterly unsuited to her surroundings. And yet no word of hers justified the suspicion that she was discontented with her lot. It was her face which was pathetic; it suggested a deep underlying regret. A vision of it remained with him continuously for some hours. As he rode along in the dusk towards Flood's Selection, he was haunted by the delicate aquiline features, the deep-brown eyes, and the patient, smiling mouth. She had the expression of one waiting for the answer to some mysterious problem of life, for which she could, in her own experience, find no solution.

'That is it,' he murmured. 'It is the Sphinx look, which has always had the most extraordinary fascination for me.'

He recalled in imagination the black heads of the exquisite monsters, and of the earlier Pharaohs in the Egyptian Galleries of the

British Museum, where, in his student days, he had been wont to while away many an hour.

At one time, during a certain metaphysical phase, through which imaginative temperaments of a particular cast are bound to pass, he had explained this predilection by the theory of pre-existence. But such speculations are apt to crumble to nothingness under the pressure of everyday facts, and of late years mysticism of the kind had ceased to have any but a poetic attraction for him. The higher type of man is always more or less dual, and in natures like that of Geneste, the dreamer and the man of action had alternate periods of predominance.

The great plain, softened by the evening light into ethereal indefiniteness, was like a tropical sea illumined by a fading after-glow. In Australian scenery there is often a certain grotesque eeriness which suggests primeval ages; and now the black patches of lignum vitæ looked like strange-humped monsters, and the lank forms of the trees standing lonely here and there had a touch of unearthliness, all tending to out-of-the-way musings.

Geneste's thoughts, if put coherently, would have gone somehow like this :

'Yes, it's the look of having wandered out of a far past—a look of expiation. She might be the outcome of an age which has produced all that is most magnificent and most subtle in the world's history. She has the grand simplicity of an absolute superiority, the unconsciousness of complete dignity. She doesn't know herself why she is an anachronism and an anomaly ; but she is both, and that's the pathos of her. Of course, she suffers from the jar between her own nature and her surroundings. One realizes the suffering in her smile. I have never seen a smile like hers ; it gives one the notion of an unspeakable far-awayness, a remoteness even from the natural maternal interests. I could make that out from the way she handled the baby. But how painstakingly she did it ! Maternity with this woman is a duty, not a passion, though that's a modern characteristic. There's nothing of the human mammal about the complex woman of to-day. She has refined the brute maternal instinct into an intellectual obligation—an

immense social responsibility.' He gave a short laugh. 'She is an odd study, the modern woman—a queer mixture of sensuousness and cold-bloodedness and of idealism and hard-and-fast logic; of morbid nerve-tissue and ferocious determination not to knock under. To do anything big in diseases of the nervous system, the physician must attack woman from a new starting-point. I'm glad I gave up the business, or, rather, that the business gave up me; yet it was intensely interesting. Mrs. Tregaskiss is the type of a woman who, under favouring morbid conditions, might develop into one of the revolting tribe—the sort of modern instance I might have expected to see in my Harley Street consulting-room, seeking ghostly counsel along physiological tracks from the priest-physician of the nineteenth century. She would have been quite harmonious with the European background. But here—set in this primitive barbarism, where all the elemental instincts are rampant—what in the name of Heaven is she going to make of herself and of her life?'

Then his thoughts wandered to another

woman—one of a very different type: a young girl who suggested to him only what was limpid, sweet, pastoral, and altogether feminine—a girl with clear gray eyes, that had no hint in them of mysterious reincarnation and old-world subtleties; the sort of creature in whom wifehood and maternity would be as natural and beautiful as the opening forth of bud into fragrant blossom. He thought of the girl with a half-impatient regret.

'It won't do,' he said to himself; 'it would be just as fatal for her as for me. That kind of thing in a woman never appealed to me, and it's too late to try it now. It wouldn't be fair to her, either. I wonder if she thinks any more of that moment's folly—I wonder if she understood just what it meant; at any rate, I'll try to make it all as clear to her as I can without showing myself an unutterable cad. I ought never to have done it. Poor little Helen!'

CHAPTER III.

UNMATED.

While Dr. Geneste was making his moonlight journey, Clare Tregaskiss lay within the mosquito curtains on one of the two beds in her room, the baby by her side. The other bed was still vacant, awaiting her husband. Ning was sleeping on the sofa in the sitting-room, an improvised mosquito curtain protecting her face and chest in, it seemed, but an ineffectual manner, for she stirred and muttered and flung her little arms out from under the sheets in a restless slumber. The door between the two rooms stood open, and the lamp, turned down, cast a blurred glow and gave out a disagreeable smell of bad kerosene. The air in the room was dry and scorching, the zinc roof throwing down heat

as though it had been the top of an oven. There were neither shutters nor curtains to the window, and the moon shining through the thin white calico blind gave the effect of an opaque illuminated oblong. Myriads of insects were astir—mosquitoes, cockchafers, moths, flying ants, and beetles—all kinds of uncanny things, circling round towards the lighted doorway, and filling the place with a low roar, which was a sort of accompaniment to the noise of the township, the oaths of bullock-drivers, 'wetting the wool' after their unloadings, the click of billiard-balls, the loud chaff of Bushmen and diggers in the hotel verandas, and the sound of the bells hung round the necks of bullocks and horses that were going out to grass.

As the evening wore on, and the men took in more and more liquor, the oaths and ribald language, distinctly audible through zinc partitions, became unpleasant hearing for the ears of a refined woman. Clare had tried in vain to escape from the brutal sounds, had shut the window, to find that this made little difference, and that it was then impossible to endure the heat. She was not so horrified at

the bad language as might have been many a woman. She accepted it, as she accepted other disagreeable conditions of her life and surroundings, with a certain lofty tolerance, mingled with stoical resignation. She took refuge in imagination after a fashion of her own, and now deafened herself to what she did not wish to hear, by recalling the swing and beat of some orchestral measure, or by a mental phonographic process, reconstructing in fancy the swelling rhythmic measures she had heard at some Wagner recital. She was not musical in the technical sense; she could not sing a note, and though she had a piano at Mount Wombo, she seldom touched it, and her performance was poor; but she had an almost passionate love for deep-sounding complex harmonies. Organ vibrations stirred her nerves as did nothing else, and of all the pleasures of her old London life, music, which she had once thought would be dispensed with most easily, was that for which she now had the strongest craving.

But the effort of memory grew irksome; the unreal sounds died away, and her mind came back to the present. She looked down

upon her baby. Poor little thing! She was fond of it, of course; but why was she not as fond of it as some mothers were of their offspring? Why did it seem to her only a cruelty that it should have been born into a crude, harsh, unsympathetic world, insufficiently equipped for the moral struggle by beneficent hereditary influences? Why should she, who felt herself unfitted by temperament for the burden of such a responsibility, and who had a weary distaste for the whole business of multiplying her kind, and could see no usefulness in it, have been chosen as the producer of this new atom to swell the generally unsatisfactory human aggregate?

The two papaw apple-trees growing in front of the hotel, and imaged on the blind, caught her eye. They had straight pear-like stems and crowns of feathery leaves, which, as a faint wind stirred them, made fantastic shadows. One was a male plant, the other a female. She could tell this by the outlines of feathery flowers hanging below the leafy plume of one, and the grotesque shapes of pendent pumpkin-like fruit on the other.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Was there no escape, even in vegetable life, from the bewildering sex-problem?

She was thinking these thoughts, when the clatter of buggy-wheels and dull thud of the unshod hoofs of pack-horses sounded up the street and then stopped in front of the hotel. Presently she heard the voice of her children's father in answer to a shout from one of the Bushmen in the inn veranda.

'Hullo, Tregaskiss! Those horses of yours look pretty well knocked up.'

'Yes, confound them!' Tregaskiss had a full, rather loud voice, with the rise and fall of intonation common to Australians, and an imperious ring in its notes, which, according to occasion, might take the form either of boisterous cordiality or of ill-temper. 'Had the deuce of a business,' he went on. 'The brutes bolted last night from The Grave—half-way to Brinda Plains. It's all that d——d Brinda breed; they have a trick of making back. But these are slashing mares, all the same, as you can see by daylight. I wouldn't wish for better goers. They'd pull a buggy out of anything.

Clare winced at the expletive. She had

risen when the buggy stopped, and now sat, a ghostly form wrapped in a light dressing-gown, at the side of the bed. She had not minded the 'swear-words,' as Ning called them, when the bullock-drivers had used them; but she did not like them in her husband's mouth. Tregaskiss exclaimed, in the tone of irate superiority with which white men often address their black servitors: 'Look out there, Tommy George, you infernal idiot! haven't you learned yet how to unstrap a pack? Oh, good-evening, Mrs. Ruffey. Send someone round, will you, if they're not all in bed or drunk. Has Mrs. Tregaskiss come?'

'She's upstairs,' announced the landlady. 'As for my men being drunk, Mr. Tregaskiss, they keep that for off-Sundays. You'll spell the horses a day, I suppose?'

'Not I. We clear out to-morrow; and serve the mares right for sweating themselves like that on the bolt. Let's have a light, Mrs. Ruffey, and show me the way up. Oh, look here, you may bring me a nip before I go upstairs.' After a few minutes his heavy step shook the creaky wooden stairs and zinc

walls. Mrs. Ruffey had not thought it necessary to ascend. Tregaskiss shouted down to her: 'That's all right; I know where I am. The black-boy can bring up my swag. Let me have something to eat, will you; and you may as well send me a bottle of whisky and some cold water, if you've got any.' He pushed open the door of the sitting-room and turned up the smoking lamp. 'Phew! By Jove! it's hot and beastly smelling.' He flung wide the rickety French windows, which led out on a narrow balcony. 'Where are you, Clare? Oh, here's the pickaninny.'

Ning's baptismal name was Angela. Her father called her the pickaninny; and this had got corrupted into Ningie, and further abbreviated to Ning. The noise of Tregaskiss' entrance and the turning up of the lamp had roused her from sleep, and she now started from her sofa-bed, veiled in mosquito netting, which she tore off in a bewildered haste—an elfish creature, with tangled hair and wide suddenly awakened eyes.

'Daddy!'

'Yes, you brat! Give us a hug, pickaninny. Did I scare you? Been dreaming, eh?'

'Mine been dream about debil-debil,' said Ning solemnly, relapsing into her blacks' vernacular. 'Mine think it debil-debil get inside me and take me over the paddock fence into his big fire. But the fire went out, and God came and asked me if I was a good girl; and then God took me back to Mummy.'

Tregaskiss laughed loudly. 'That was a good job, wasn't it? We don't all get out of debil-debil's clutches so easily. But, then, we ain't all good little girls. Oh, you're a pickaninny yet, you are—Daddy's pickaninny. Come—there now! A right-down good old hug.' He caught the child in his arms, mosquito netting and bedclothes trailing behind her, and smothered her with loud-sounding kisses. 'Where's your Mummy?'

'I'm here, Keith.'

Clare stood in the doorway. He took up the lamp, still holding the child, and looked at his wife.

'Good Lord, Clare! Poor old girl! You do look like a ghost. Knocked up, eh?'

'Yes, rather. We started at four o'clock this morning. It's a dreadfully long, slow

journey, stopping at all the little roadside stations. I'm really glad the railway doesn't go any further. I'd much rather travel in the buggy and camp out.'

'Well, you'll have two nights of that, and I was thinking we might spell a day at Brinda Plains. The Gripper has been behaving a little more decently lately. I helped him with his muster, and I rather want to talk to him about wire-fencing the boundary.'

'Oh—how have things been getting on, Keith—on the station?'

'As bad as can be. No sign of the drought breaking up, and cattle dying everywhere. There was a d—l of a mess driving down the last mob of fats, and a bad sale at the end. Hardly enough to cover expenses. I was a fool to agree to Gryce's terms. I told you so at the time, you remember, and you advised me to accept—£100 down on taking delivery, and £50 a month for droving. It was exorbitant, but you misled me by telling me that was what old Cyrus Chance paid. I knew what a nipper he is, and that he'd be bound to give the lowest price. It was all an infernal concoction of Cusack's new-chums.

The Gripper put them up to getting a rise out of me.'

'Oh, I'm sorry. But it wasn't from the Cusacks that I heard. Mr. Chance's storekeeper told me those were the terms.'

'Well, it was a lie. Cyrus Chance never paid anything like that. You must have muddled up figures. Women always do. I'll not put any dependence on yours for the future. But never mind, old girl. It's a good thing to have you home. Are you glad to get back to your old hubby?'

'I'm very glad, Keith—very glad, of course, to see you again.'

'And so am I to see you, old dear!' He put the lamp on the table, and still holding Ning, whose head had dropped sleepily on his shoulder, went up to his wife and affectionately kissed her. 'And the pickaninny too. Good little Kiddie! I declare I think I've missed her almost as much as I've missed you. By Jove! the place has seemed a desert without you both.'

'There's a new pickaninny now, Keith.'

'By Jove! so there is. I had forgotten the little shaver for the moment. Let's see

him, Clare. No; it's a second *she*, isn't it? I rather wish it had been a boy, now, since the two other poor little chaps came to nothing.'

Clare led the way into the bedroom where the baby lay, its little red face nestling in the pillow. Tregaskiss contemplated the creature with an amused interest, much as he might have contemplated a new-born puppy.

'Not a bad little cuss. I suppose it will get whiter in time. Looks rather like a blob of pink putty. Ning was much more human when she was six weeks old.'

'Dark babies always are. This one will be fair, like you. Ning took after me.'

Tregaskiss turned his eyes upon his wife with a freshly-kindled gleam of admiration.

'So much the better for Ning, as she is a girl. Now, if this brat had been a boy, it might have taken after me, and been a fairly decent-looking chap on a large scale into the bargain.'

He gave the little fatuous laugh of self satisfaction which was a trick of his, and which always jarred upon Clare. It was one

of Tregaskiss' weaknesses to be somewhat vain of his strength and robust good looks. He might, in truth, have been considered a handsome man, of the coarser mould. Ten years ago, before his features had thickened and his skin had become red and rough-grained, and when he had been less inclined to stoutness, there could have been no doubt as to the attractiveness of his person. One might have imagined a woman very much in love with him—but not a woman quite of the type of Mrs. Tregaskiss—some little frail, amiable doll, perhaps, without much intellect, and the kind of temperament which is naturally subservient to brute force. Tregaskiss was fashioned rather upon the Viking model. He was huge—as tall as Dr. Geneste, and much broader and thicker of girth. In spite of the active life he led, his weight could not have been less than fourteen or fifteen stone. He had a great bull neck and a large head, with close-cropped yellow hair, which fell in little rings over a round, low forehead. The eyes were bright blue, slightly bloodshot, the nose well shaped but broad at the bridge, and with two small furrows on each side marking

a puffiness between the eye-sockets and the mouth, which gave an appearance of coarseness. He had even teeth discoloured by smoking, a yellow moustache with long points, and a curly fair beard—the kind of beard which divides in the middle and shows the cleft of chin. Although he was proud of being a 'fine man,' he was careless about his dress. To-night he looked disordered after his journey, which was not to be wondered at—hot, dusty, and redder than usual; his light alpaca coat had stains upon it, and his coloured shirt was unbuttoned at the neck, showing the inside griminess of the collar, and beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead and his great hands.

Clare stiffened just a little as he put his arm round her and drew her closer to him in their joint gaze at their child. The harsh, virile odour which came from him and seemed to tell of the night's camping-out and the day's travel in close proximity with hot beasts, mingled with an aroma of tobacco and of the whisky he had recently imbibed, struck unpleasantly upon her nerves. She was a woman extremely fastidious in such

trifles, and had an almost sensuous delight in delicate fresh scents. One of the things which went far towards reconciling her to life on Mount Wombo was the perfume of the sandal-wood logs, which she kept for burning in the sitting-room in the winter.

But something of the same conscientious self-discipline which marked her manner to her children showed itself in her bearing to her husband. She seemed to become instantly alive to the impulse of repugnance in herself, and atoned for it by laying her hand caressingly upon his shoulder; and thus together they contemplated the sleeping infant for a moment or two in silence. Then she withdrew her hand and disengaged herself gently from his embrace.

Yes, I wish, too, that she had been a boy —not exactly for your reason, though.'

'For what reason, then?'

'Oh, because I think women have the worst of it in the world—at any rate, in the Bush.'

'I don't see that. Things are always made as easy for you as they can be up here. Of

course the life's rough, but if it is so for women, it's rougher still for men. You can keep indoors if you choose. But how would you like droving cattle across country with rations running short and the water-bags getting empty? And I wonder if you'd enjoy a day after scrubbers through gidia and burrum bush, or else drafting off a camp in the blazing sun and branding till sundown and then coming home dog-tired to salt junk and damper, and all the worry of the men, and bad sales and drought, and a big debt, with the chance of the bank coming down on you into the bargain?'

'It seems to me that we women have our share of those worries too,' said Clare. 'As for the station work, I used rather to envy men in the wild free rides, and the living with Nature, and the grandness and reality of it all. Do you remember, I had a perfect crave for out-of-door life long ago after the hollowness and insincerity and stuffiness of London. I used to fancy then that it must make people truer and better and purer. You know I loved an easy day on the run before the babies came, and when I was strong, and

not the poor creature I seem to have grown into.'

'An easy day,' echoed Tregaskiss. 'A kid-glove kind of mustering in cool weather, just outside the paddock fences, and the men blessing you all the time because they daren't let out an oath. I think you found it a bit too real sometimes, Clare, and you got deuced sulky when I swore at you for getting in the way. You expected me to keep up honeymoon manners, but I've broken you in, haven't I, and we're none the less good friends for it?'

'No, none the less good friends, Keith,' she repeated with that curious smile. 'But that wasn't what I meant when I wished that baby had been a boy.'

'What did you mean?' he asked.

'Oh, men get rid of their illusions quicker,' she answered. 'Or else they never grow them, which is better still—at least, I suppose it is better, if the illusions are bound to wither before morning has become day. Women are so helpless,' she went on, her voice taking a deeper inflection, 'so blind, so ignorant, so hedged in. They can't go into the open and

judge of things as men do. They can't even judge of themselves. They don't know what they are capable of, or deficient in. They don't know what they want.'

'Well, most of them seem to know that they want a husband,' said Tregaskiss with a laugh. 'And after all, Clare, a woman can't do much better than that—if she gets a good one; and a man can't be better off than with a good wife.'

There was genuine feeling in his tone; it touched Clare.

'No, Keith. There can't be anything better in the world than a happy marriage. But people's ideas of happiness and love are different, aren't they? and women have dreams and wayward fancies. In the end we settle down to doing our duty, and we find satisfaction in it; but in the beginning, when we are young and romantic and long for drama and thrill, the communion of mind, and poetry of love, and all the rest—that's how it's hard for women, for some women. They've got to grind down the edge of their imagination and to pull their ideals to pieces, and to scatter in fragments all their fond and

foolish beliefs, and it—it's a painful process, Keith, and I'd rather not have to watch a daughter of mine going through it.'

Tregaskiss looked at her, at once annoyed, uneasy, and amused. 'Oh, confound ideals! That used to be a great word of yours, Clare. I thought I had laughed you out of it, though. Upon my soul, I never did quite know what you meant by it. I hate hearing you talk like that. It makes me think of those long-haired South Kensington painters and the ladies in queer dresses, with out-of-the-way notions that you used to tell me you were so sick of; besides, it puts it into my head that you aren't happy, and that isn't true—anyhow, you always say that you are happy enough.'

'Oh yes, Keith, don't mind. Of course I am happy enough.'

'Ideals!' he went on wrathfully: 'poetry, sentiment—the sort of stuff you read in novels. Fine words and infernal tommy-rot, as I always said to you, dear. We don't breed 'em out West.'

'No; you laughed me out of my fancy that ideals might exist in the Bush. That's

one of the vanished illusions. They don't seem to fraternize with sheep and cattle in this part of Leichardt's Land.'

'Do you think they thrived any better on Ubi Downs, where you came from?'

'I don't know. I suppose not. I was only ten years old, you know, when I left it. And yet,' she went on dreamily, 'I kept a vision of Ubi Downs all those years, as of a sort of promised land—the mountains and the strange sunsets, and the river and the great Bunya Scrub. I am certain the Erl King and Sintram and Undine lived in the Bunya Scrub and the creek that came down from the gorge. I can remember it quite well.'

'And you married me because you thought I was going to bring you to your promised land. Was that it?'

'Perhaps it was—a little, Keith.'

'Good Lord, Clare! you are childish with your Erl Kings, and your fairy-tale people. I suppose they are in a fairy-tale. I never heard of them, anyhow. What has come over you to-night?'

'I don't know, Keith. One gets thinking, lying awake in the moonlight.'

'Thinking! What about?'

'Oh, about—ideals; and drama, and thrill, and different kinds of love—everything that makes the poetry of life. But I quite agree with you; it's stupid to talk of them, and Gladys Waraker and I agreed long ago not to expect such things in the ordinary run of life.'

'I have made you practical, my dear. Upon my soul, if it hadn't been for having married me, you'd be lost in the clouds by now. I've brought you down to earth—I and the children.'

'Yes,' she again assented—'you and the children. One can't be anything but practical when there are babies crying round, and only a half-caste or a black gin to look after them.'

'Well, that's your own fault, Clare,' angrily retorted Tregaskiss. 'I said you could get a nurse out of one of the emigrant ships at Port Victoria.'

'Oh, she wouldn't have stayed. She would have complained that it was too rough or too dull, or else the mosquitoes and sandflies would have eaten her up. And I'm so anxious

to get that wretched debt cleared off. I don't want to add on expenses, especially as I brought you nothing. That's being practical, isn't it?'

'For goodness' sake don't start off now on the economy tack.'

Clare remained silent for a minute or two.

Presently Tregaskiss went on, with an apologetic intonation:

'Well, I'm bound to say that there's not another woman I know, brought up like you, that would work in the same way to keep things together. As for the debt, if I could get a couple of good seasons and a market for fat cattle, I'd soon clear it off, and we'd take a trip Home and then settle down on your beloved Ubi in the heart of civilization. Confound that woman! When is she going to send me up something to eat?'

He went noisily to the staircase and called down. After a few minutes a young woman, who had been serving at the bar, brought in a tray with cold beef and bread and a bottle of whisky. Tregaskiss threw off his coat, poured himself out some whisky and water, and called to his wife to come in and

'yarn.' She obeyed the peremptory call without a murmur, though she had lain down again upon the bed beside the baby, and was in truth almost worn out. She waited upon her husband while he made a hearty meal, and chatted cheerfully upon Leura concerns the while, having, it appeared, quite recovered from her sentimental mood. They talked about the delinquencies of the Gripper, otherwise Mr. Cusack, the new boundary between Wombo and Brinda Plains, the surveyors to be employed, the stock-keeping capacity of a new-chum lately installed at Mount Wombo, the 'tally' of the last branding. It was not till Tregaskiss had lighted his pipe and tilted back his chair that he was struck for the second time by his wife's wan looks, and again declared that she looked like a ghost.

He insisted upon giving her some weak whisky-and-water, and expressed compunction for having kept her up, fussing over her in a man-like, unhelpful manner, which at intervals took the form of scolding. Why didn't she look after herself better? What was the use of leaving Port Victoria before

she was quite strong? Why would she nurse the baby when she knew that she wasn't fit for it? On the last point he waxed persistently wrathful.

'I wanted to,' pleaded Clare. 'I think—I have read that mothers always care more for the children they nurse themselves. It's an outlet for——' She stopped.

'An outlet for what?'

'For the foolish fancies, perhaps, that you have been scolding me for.'

'What has put the notion into your head?' asked Tregaskiss. 'You know that the child drags you to pieces.'

'I didn't nurse the other two,' she said in a low voice, 'and they died—and I don't think I was half sorry enough, poor little things!'

Tregaskiss was silent. 'That's nonsense,' he said presently. 'They wouldn't have lived, anyhow; and this one is much more likely to thrive on good cow's milk. I'll have a milker kept apart.' And then he went on: 'You talk of expenses; and you know it means gallons of bottled porter, or you can't get on at all. Not that I grudge

it,' he added hastily, smitten by an expression which crossed Clare's face, 'but goodness knows how long the drays will be getting it up. That's what I mean.'

But she had been moved many times to a half-amused scorn, or pitiful tolerance, by the exhibition of a curious strain of meanness in Tregaskiss' character. This was all the more strange because it was allied in a certain sense to boisterous good nature. In most matters Tregaskiss was open-handed, and even extravagant; it was quite certain also that he would not have grudged his wife anything that he seriously believed would contribute to her health or comfort, and yet in such small odd ways he was penurious.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF CLARE GARDYNE.

Clare Tregaskiss did not love her husband. There are millions of women in like state to whom such a condition of things presents no insuperable barrier to content, or even to happiness. But Clare was not one of these. She had not the disposition to be satisfied with compromises.

To her, life without sympathy seemed poisoned at its source. All she did, thought, and said was robbed of savour and spontaneity. She suffered the pain of a keenly sensitive, emotional, and intellectual woman imprisoned as within brick walls by limitations of circumstance. Worst of all, she suffered from a dense and stifling materialism in the temperament with which she was mated.

Existence was for her an unfulfilled yearning. Beneath her still, chiselled features, her faint, abstracted smile, her painstaking interest in the prosaic details of a squatter's business, her scrupulous attention to the duties of her position, her quiet manner and feminine submissiveness to the inevitable, there pulsed a hidden current of passionate feeling, of indignant protest, of unexplainable aversions, impulses, desires which at times frightened her by their intensity. She did her very best to quell them, and to compress her aspirations within the scope of her everyday life, but it was of little use. She ached with an immense craving, an ache insistent and unbearable almost as that of bodily starvation. And, in truth, on the psychological side of things, there is a hunger of mind, of heart, and of spirit quite as wasting and quite as imperious in its demands as the physical need of meat and bread.

Why had she married Mr. Tregaskiss? Oh, fool! fool! fool! This she said to herself over and over again in her fiercest and most secret moods of revolt. But the recognition of her folly did not alter the irrevocable

and disastrous fact that she was Keith Tregaskiss' wife and the mother of his children. How she had brought herself to perpetrate the folly was as great a mystery to herself as it became a little while later to Dr. Geneste.

In the chain of circumstances she had been led to the marriage by, perhaps, the only concatenation of influences of which it could rationally have been the outcome. Clare Gardyne was the only child of a man who, for a very short time, had blazed as a minor comet in the system of Australian finance. He had been, in the first instance, a sheep-owner on the Ubi Downs, where Clare had been born, and where her mother had died. The child had been about six years old when she was left motherless, and at this time Mr. Gardyne sold his station, realized a moderate fortune, and took his little girl to England. There he made arrangements for her education. He spent the twelve years which this occupied mainly in Australia, where he entered political life, started a great meat-preserving establishment, and made for himself a not altogether untarnished reputation as a supposed millionaire and juggler in company-

promoting, and in the transaction of an important loan to the Leichardt's Land Government. Finally, he accepted the appointment of Agent-General for the colony, and settled in London, in a big house in Queen's Gate, with his handsome daughter to act as its mistress, and as hostess at the numerous entertainments by means of which he floated himself in a certain sphere of society.

Meanwhile Clare Gardyne had been brought up, perhaps, not altogether in the most judicious manner for a nature so wilful, impulsive, reserved, and impatient of shams and of control. Her only relatives in England were a sister and brother-in-law of her father's, and from the beginning Clare had entertained for her uncle and aunt the strongest antipathy. They belonged to a class which she imagined beneath her own, and which was, at any rate, utterly opposed to all the traditions of her early Australian associations, for which she had retained an almost passionate tenderness. Mr. Marrable owned a shoe factory in a Midland town. He was a Dissenter, and Mrs. Marrable was not visited by any lady of higher social grade than the wife of the

lawyer or the doctor, and occasionally by the vicaress of the parish. Yet she had an almost sycophantic awe of the great, and her main ambition was to be genteel. The Marrables' ways of living and thinking were of the narrowest, dullest, and most provincial. They occupied a two-storied bow-windowed house of the suburban pattern, in the Victoria Road, where the principal townsfolk and better-class tradesmen had detached residences. The house had a few shrubs, a miniature rockery, and an oval flower-bed in front; and at the back a tennis-ground inclosed by a brick wall and some neatly trimmed shrubs. Clare remembered the wild beauty and expanse of the Ubi Downs, the breezy freedom, the absence of social barriers, the chivalrous deference of the station hands, among whom even at six years old she had been a little queen. From these idealized recollections she constructed a visionary republic of light and sincere living, and rebelled against the Marrable hypocrisies and restraints. She spent three summer holidays with her relations, then wrote to her father requesting permission to remain at

school or to accept invitations elsewhere—permission he readily granted, for he had ambitions which did not embrace the Marrable connections, and, in truth, cared very little what his daughter did as long as she got into no scrapes and was decently educated. He therefore never opposed any scheme of hers which did not appear to him unreasonable ; besides, he had his own affairs to think about. When Clare was sixteen she conceived a vague enthusiasm for the artistic life, and went to live in Kensington in the remoter quarter, where she boarded with the family of one of her schoolfellows. The father of her schoolfellow was a dramatic critic on the staff of one or two small papers, and her mother called herself an artist, and had a class of young lady students in her studio, to whom she imparted instruction on impressionist methods. The eldest daughter did a small trade in casting horoscopes and delineating character from handwriting ; and of the younger daughters, one was an actress low on the ladder, one studied music, and one was beautiful, ambitious, original, and vague in her views and occupations.

The first three had great theories, talked much, and were generally unkempt, slipshod, enthusiastic, and inaccurate in accounts. Clare at the first blush had been fascinated at the idea of women breaking loose from conventions, had taken in greedily all the fine talk, had believed in the unappreciated geniuses and the jargon of idealism, had considered the whole thing very intellectual, mystic, original, and elevating. She had a notion that she was going to lead what she called the higher life, and for a time muddled away at her paints—she had a feeling for colour—with the utmost satisfaction. She would not allow herself to realize that she had no talent, nor even the most rudimentary knowledge of anatomy or perspective, and was readily persuaded that she might become the leader of a movement and a pioneer of advanced womanhood. She had always maintained that women were down-trodden and the victims of a hereditary tendency to insincerity, for the reason that they had never been able to get their own way except by wheedling the men. At this period—she was going on for eighteen—she had an in-

tense scorn for matrimony, and had never seen the man who could raise her opinion of the sex. This was to the credit of her discrimination, for certainly she saw but poor specimens at the Warakers'. All her emotional force was expended on abstract enthusiasms and upon her friendship for Gladys Waraker, the only one of the sisters who had no profession, and who yet managed to do everything better than any of the others. Gladys, though intensely artistic in appearance and nature, kept an attitude of cynical superiority to all artistic fads, and openly scorned the deceptions which the others glossed over by tall talk. She also frankly declared her intention of making a worldly marriage if the sacramental marriage of souls did not come in her way. This was the point upon which Gladys and Clare were totally disagreed, and many was the tussle they had on the subject. On one point, however, they were in accord. They were both solemnly convinced that the sacramental marriage might be a fact, only Gladys held that it was irreconcilable with the exigencies of the modern social system. To both girls

love was a mystery, as holy and as impossible of frivolous discussion as the mystery of the Eucharist. Gladys was a Catholic; Clare, having begun doubt with the 'Old Red Sandstone,' and having wandered on by way of Spencer, Frederic Harrison, Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' and Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma,' through a phase of tempered Agnosticism, was also a somewhat lukewarm votary of the older faith. Gladys accepted the sacramental-love theory in hope, but was quite ready to resign it as a practical reality at the age of twenty-one, and to do her duty on the material matrimonial plane if the spiritual joys of conjugal life were denied her. Gladys had plenty of common-sense; in this lay her influence over Clare, who was the oddest mixture of romance, sentiment, reserve as regarded her inner life, and flinty determination to look facts in the face and keep straight at all hazards. It was Gladys who kept Clare at the Warakers', for she was not many months in discovering that the shifty standards of the rest of the family did not coincide with her own lofty ideals. She was too innately truthful not to see for

herself that their art was only a flimsy pretence, and their impressionism an excuse for slurring honest labour. Had she possessed any real gift, she would have gone off on another track, but she was candid enough after a time to recognise the fact that she had no gift. She had a brief reaction in the shape of slumming, which, however, did not outlast the discovery of an obnoxious insect upon her clothing after an afternoon among the bandbox makers. She began then to long for some solid social sphere between Bohemianism and squalor and vice. She took a disgust to the queer clairvoyants and mediums and professional fortune-tellers, whom the astrological daughter collected, the out-of-elbows literary persons and the dreamy artists, given to ideas and methods that never came to anything, who frequented the Waraker studio. She absolutely longed for a respectability which might be of any type provided it were not that of the Marrables, whom she never saw nowadays. She used to watch the carriages in the Park when she and Gladys made excursions into that fashionable region, and would dream of a sphere in which influ-

ence, enthusiasm, and sincerity might be combined with refinement and the possession of an income. She then began to think that Gladys might have reason in her views, and that it might be better to marry some well-intentioned and fairly-well-off young man of birth, than to wait for the one and only affinity whom a perverse fate might have located at the other end of the globe. Of course, she and Gladys were of opinion that love in its strict essence was only possible in the event of falling in with that preordained mate, and the malignant contrariety of the higher powers in so invariably separating the twin-souls seemed to them a problem of the universe on a par with that of the existence of evil. Gladys had a theory that the allegory of Eve and the apple was a veiled version of the original mistake in this matter of pairing which had set the whole machinery out of gear.

Clare knew very little about her father's affairs, and as her allowance had never been munificent, and as in his infrequent letters he had generally spoken of being harassed over money matters, she had come to the

conclusion that he was comparatively a poor man. She knew that Australia was supposed to be passing through a cycle of bad years, and imagined that her father was probably suffering therefrom. She very seldom saw him; he was little more than a name to her. When, during his short visits to England, he did run over to Brighton, where she had been at school, it was only on a hurried visit, and he had always seemed oppressed with business, and but perfunctorily interested in her welfare. He had not been to Europe since her instalment at the Warakers', till, upon his appointment as Agent-General, he had come to take her 'home.' That meant to the house in Queen's Gate, which he had rented furnished from a stockbroker under a cloud, who was forced to retire for a time to the Continent, and of which he informed her she was to be the nominal mistress. He had already engaged a housekeeper-companion, inoffensive and without pretension, who was equally ready to efface herself or to act as Clare's chaperon in the absence of Mr. Gardyne.

Clare was bewildered. The Queen's Gate

house appeared to her a palace. The servants in livery, the carriages, the whole style of living, in curious contrast with that of the Warakers' happy-go-lucky establishment, gave her a thrill of power and consequence. She was astonished to find that her father had the reputation of being immensely wealthy, and that in a certain section of London society he was considered a person of importance. She fancied that at last her ambition was to be realized, and that she had gained the vantage-point for which she had so fervently longed, from which she might have an outlook upon the world and choose the position best suited to her temperament and capabilities. She was only eighteen, and she had all the ignorant self-confidence of the young clever girl, with a vast amount of emotional steam to let forth and a very definite reserve force of character underneath. One thing she was almost certain of. Gladys was right; and it was of no use waiting for the Holy Grail—the Divine mystery of love—to be revealed to her in this rush and hurry of everyday life. Better marry for position and influence and opportunity of tasting the sweets

of human drama, and enshrine her ideal in an inner Holy of Holies, a standard probably as unrealizable, in the practical sense, as the typical Christian standard is unrealizable under present-day conventions, but with which her life must be better and purer, just as the world must be better for an example of strict morality, however impossible of actual attainment.

And, then, her father was always impressing upon her that she might not continue always to enjoy these advantages; that his life was uncertain; his income, notwithstanding the extravagant reports which he encouraged concerning it, precarious; that, in short, it would be well for her to secure herself, by a good marriage, against the caprices of fate.

For two seasons she sailed upon a sunlit stream of pleasure. She was presented at one of the Drawing-rooms by the wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and was asked out a good deal, going with her father to formal receptions of those smart ladies whose husbands or connections were interested in the financial or political affairs of Australia, and to the houses of less fashion-

able people of different grades of importance, from the colonial magnates in London to City people with whom her father appeared to be on terms of business intimacy. The smart entertainments, as far as her personal part in them went, she found dull, but interesting to watch because of the glitter of diamonds and occasionally of orders, and the glimpses they gave her of a sphere to which, she was shrewd enough to see, she was only admitted on the baldest sufferance. The other parties were more amusing, because at them she found herself less of a nobody; but at the same time her very success jarred against the searching and inflexible candour of her nature, which made her intolerant, almost to loathing, of what was false and meretricious. She began to see that she was sought after because she was believed to be an heiress, and she also saw that those higher in the social scale despised her father and herself, and were agreeable only in proportion with what they expected to get out of them; while those lower down fawned upon her for the sake of obtaining a lever to a higher stratum. She discussed the situa-

tion with Gladys Waraker, who, in her way, was as clear-headed, but much less romantic, and they agreed that society was pharisaical and self-seeking, and that to find sincerity one must either command or disown it. Then in such moods Clare would turn in imagination, as the hart to the water-brooks, towards the picture memory gave of the untainted freshness of the New World, and would tell herself that there all men were chivalrous, all motives pure; that in the free forest, amid the healthful influences of Nature, communities must be exempt from mean striving, paltry affectation, and the mental obliquity which can see no distinction between truth and seeming. After all, the more solid, brilliant — in the matter of diamonds and silver and gold plate—and Philistine Queen's Gate circle was only an out-stretching of the small, shifty, æsthetic West Kensington sphere, and beyond there was always the larger truth—the unattainable.

So things went on. Mr. Gardyne looked haggard and worried, and it seemed to Clare that at the numerous banquets in Queen's Gate an invisible spectre of Care sat at the

board between her father and herself. Then Mr. Gardyne suddenly resigned his appointment as Agent-General. The colonial magnates dropped off in an unaccountable way from Clare's visiting list, and the financial element—and that a certain seedy, rakish-looking type of aristocracy — came more into evidence. There seemed more than ever a false, uneasy kind of ostentation in the ways of the establishment as well as in Mr. Gardyne's speech and bearing. He boasted of his wealth with an openness that made his daughter wince, dispensed patronage with a lofty air, and took to drinking more wine at dinner than was quite compatible with a discreet demeanour. It was at this time that the two men who were instrumental in turning the current of Clare Gardyne's destiny came prominently forward among her acquaintances. One was Keith Tregaskiss, the man she afterwards married; the other was Sir Walter Chisholm, to whom she became engaged a few weeks after her first introduction to Mr. Tregaskiss.

The two men were a distinct contrast to each other. Sir Walter was young, he was

in a cavalry regiment, he was good-looking, and he was supposed to be clever. In his way he was rather a dilettante, had written some odd flippant paradoxical essays on modern culture, and had had a play—which only ran a fortnight—produced at one of the leading London theatres. He was certainly agreeable; his reputation was no more tarnished than that of many a rather fast London man; and the stories circulated about him were not of the kind which come to the ears of a young girl out of society. Had he kept a cleaner record, his chances of securing an eligible wife 'in society' would probably have been greater. As it was, his hunting-ground was among the outsiders. Two reasons contributed to turn him in the direction of matrimony: one was that he was very poor, and the other that he was considerably under the influence of his mother, who was determined that he should marry an heiress, and redeem the family property and the family name.

He had met Miss Gardyne at the house of a fashionable lady, whose husband was on a board of directors, of which Mr.

Gardyne was a member, and was also nibbling at a company Mr. Gardyne was floating, unwilling to compromise himself till quite assured of the soundness of the venture. Sir Walter was struck by Clare's beauty; he was told that she was an heiress, and Australian fortunes being always a more or less incalculable quantity, hers was given the full benefit of supposition. Gardyne was reputed a millionaire. Lady Chisholm set herself to verify the rumour, and succeeded in a sufficiently satisfactory manner to warrant her in calling upon Miss Gardyne. Sir Walter did not let the grass grow under his feet; moreover, he was genuinely attracted. Clare was a little dazzled. She had never been in love, and was quite ready to accept her flattered interest in this very handsome and clever young man as a real attachment. A few days together in a foreign hotel, during the Easter vacation, concluded the affair. Three weeks after their return he proposed and she accepted him.

There was no question of rivalry between him and Mr. Tregaskiss. Tregaskiss was shy; he fell in love after his fashion before

he had known Clare a week. Had not Sir Walter appeared on the scene, he would have asked her to marry him at the first symptom of encouragement. As it was, Sir Walter overawed him. In spite of all poor Clare's fine notions about the Australian spirit of equality and freedom from snobbism, there was in Tregaskiss just a touch of the Marrable respect for any kind of a title. What Clare took for modest reserve and disinterested chivalry—for she had divined his feeling towards her—was partly due to this sense of inferiority and partly to the Bushman's lack of social training. He took it for granted that Miss Gardyne would prefer to marry a baronet rather than an Australian squatter, and his vanity shrank from the mortification of a refusal. As far as was compatible with a not particularly high order of ability, Tregaskiss had a robust power of reasoning, and could often seize a point to his advantage. But he made the mistake common to material natures — of making no allowance for the loftier qualities and for the influence of imagination. It is not improbable that, had Tregaskiss pushed

his cause boldly at the beginning, Clare, fascinated by her own romantic conceptions of life in the wilds, might have allowed him to capture her fancy before Sir Walter had had time to enchain it. Oddly enough, at that time she found Tregaskiss personally attractive. His Viking physique and the savour in him of Nature and of an open-air simplicity of manner were all in his favour. He was at this time a muscular young man of six-and-twenty, with the freshness of youth still upon him. No greater contrast could be imagined to the fashionable London man or the Kensington æsthete. He had animal pluck and vigour, and a subdued boisterousness which presented itself as frank, daring, restive, under the pressure of conventions.

His smile was sweet; his teeth then white; his blue eyes clear and shining. He was one of those men who can put on their garb of polite manners in a drawing-room with a not unbecoming stiffness, but who will doff it with joyful ease when outside the restrictions of civilization, and it is very difficult for a young enthusiastic woman to dis-

criminate between the gentlemanly instinct which has conquered barbaric associations, and the barbaric instinct peeping out from under the masks of social forms. Clare, at any rate, was not acute enough to make the distinction. In Tregaskiss she beheld a sincere and clean-souled embodiment of the primitive and noble forces. She felt a wish, after having engaged herself to Sir Walter, to keep him for a friend; but he drew back, was constrained, faintly resentful, and avoided her society. This was how she found out that he cared for her, and she pitied him.

Her engagement to Sir Walter did not, however, last many weeks. The crash came with tragic unexpectedness. One night, about nine o'clock, a revolver shot echoed through the house in Queen's Gate. When, some two hours after, Sir Walter brought his *fiancée* and her chaperon home from the theatre, having left her father, at his request, to smoke a cigar and work off arrears of correspondence, the party were met by the butler, who opened the door with blanched face. A strange doctor was in the hall, and

the news was broken to Clare that her father had blown out his brains.

The cause of the tragedy was known soon enough. A bubble had collapsed. There had been nefarious dealings, in which the Leichardt's Land Government was involved. The late Agent-General had chosen the shortest way out of the tangle of living.

Clare Gardyne was an orphan, penniless, and branded the daughter of a scoundrel. The pretty house of cards toppled as though a gust had struck it. Creditors swarmed; friends held aloof; even the Warakers were cold. Gladys had been visiting a friend in Rome, and had there fascinated and married a rich man; she had acted upon her worldly theories, and was now upon a honeymoon tour through India. Lady Chisholm did not even leave a card of sympathy. Clare heard that she was going about representing herself and her son as victims of the most heinous fraud. A little later Sir Walter wrote, on the eve of a sudden trip to America, stating his deep regret that altered circumstances compelled him to release Miss Gardyne from an engagement which had been entered into

upon a misconception, and which, if continued, could only result in misery to both.

So from the fairy princess, upon whom the world had smiled, and at whose feet the handsome prince had knelt, Clare found herself transformed into the outcast beggar-maid. Mrs. Marrable came to the rescue. She deemed it her duty to offer her niece a home, and in her shame, desolation, and bewilderment Clare subdued her horror of the Nonconformist surroundings, and went meekly with her aunt to the bow-windowed villa in the provincial town.

She was filled with an immeasurable contempt for the heartless time-serving of the people among whom she had lived, and for the tinsel glitter of her London world. And then her woman's pride, her girl's vanity, and something stronger and deeper in her than either, were wounded and bleeding past cure. She had not really loved Sir Walter, but she had believed he loved her. Now she despised and hated him. She felt bruised and beaten into one great throe of longing to be done with her past for ever. In her passionate revulsion, the picture of Australia, which her

fancy had been working up all these years, showed itself as a vision of Paradise. When, a month after her father's death, Tregaskiss offered her the key to this paradise, and a means of escape from the stifling Marrable prison, which now seemed more intolerable than even in her childhood, she accepted the offer with hardly a question. She saw in Tregaskiss a lover, true, loyal, strong, disinterested. Had he not been faithful when the man to whom she had been pledged basely deserted her? In truth he was at his best in the diffident deference of a genuine affection, and he met her with a certain pitying yet blunt air of dominance, quite in consonance with his somewhat masterful nature, which just now gave her a grateful sense of support. Thus he appealed to her most generous impulses. Should she pause, cold-bloodedly, to analyze her exact sentiments, and the due proportions of love and gratitude in her feelings towards him? Should she not rather respond generously, bravely, after the manner in which he had come to her? And what was she? she asked herself. What was her position, what the advantages

she could bring to him, that she should exact an overflowing measure of all the heroic qualities?

He was going back to his Western station in three weeks. Business arrangements made it impossible for him to defer the date. Would she marry him at once and go home with him to her beloved Australia? The West was only a name to her. He had told her of great plains, of gidia scrub, had made light of hardships, had painted everything in the most glowing colours. That was a way of Tregaskiss. He had given the full count of his thousands of cattle, their probable rate of increase, the confidence which the Bank had in him as a man of brains and mettle; he explained that the station had been purchased on terms of mortgage. A few good seasons and he should be a very rich man. He had a notion of entering the Legislative Assembly. How should she like to be instrumental in forming the destinies of a new country? She snatched at the fancy. That had always been her ambition. And, then, what might she not do for the rude, honest, magnanimous souls, pining for light and

leading, who would be under her influence! She remembered the army of shepherds and shearers on the Ubi. What graces and refinements she would introduce, what sweet, wholesome, earnest living! It was for the moment an intoxicating prospect. How much grander to be the wife of a man like Tregaskiss than the wife of Sir Walter Chisholm, who would make of her a mere link in the chain of an effete civilization!

That is how she came to marry Keith Tregaskiss.

CHAPTER V.

OVER THE PLAINS.

THE buggy crawled over the interminable desert flats. The horses were tired, and with streaming flanks and panting breath dragged their limbs heavily, roused every now and then by an impatient curse from Tregaskiss and a flick of the whip. He had lashed them mercilessly at the start to punish them for the trouble they had given him, and there were long weals raising their unkempt coats.

'They won't feel much inclined to bolt to-night,' he said grimly. At the camping-place they were to find a change of horses, and the black-boy who had brought them would take charge of these and drive them slowly homeward. The camping-place—a

gidia scrub which fringed a watercourse—was still a blur upon the horizon in front. It was getting towards sundown, and they had been travelling since early morning.

Oh, those desert flats! For miles and miles they stretch, a dreary brown expanse: in summer, scorched, dried up, and glaring; in winter, swept by chill easterly winds. The loose sandy soil grows the prickly spinifex grass, which has leaves barbed with needle-like points and long stalks stretching along the ground and taking root at intervals to put forth more spiky tussocks. Sometimes there are patches of the horrible poison bush, and sometimes a clump of starved gidia-trees or of stunted yellow-jack. Sometimes there are no trees at all to break the dead level monotony. A belt of scrub in the far distance is as a cloud, and there stands out silhouetted against the sky the shape of an animal, or the weird-looking outline of a windmill pump. For, in this land of drought, dams and wells abound in all the great stations, and no one dreams of riding on a journey without water-bags hung on the saddle or round the horse's neck. And even

so, if the traveller is a bad Bushman, as the saying goes, and loses his bearings, the canvas water-bag soon runs dry, and the chances are that some stray stockman or kangaroo-hunter will one day in his wanderings come across a dried-up, mummy-like body, or a bundle of bleached bones, lying among the spinifex bushes or under a gidia-tree.

When Clare had come to the Leura country, in a dry season, she used to stare in astonishment at hearing her husband and the black-boys and stockmen talk of 'crossing the watercourse,' or of 'following up the creek,' for she could see no sign of water or creek bed, only perhaps a few grass-grown holes far apart, and with no visible connection. But it was explained to her that these dry holes were the 'creek,' and one rainless day, when there had been no sign of moisture in the heavens, she beheld a miracle, in the shape of a wide, roaring, rushing river, pouring its flood over the scorched grass and parched sand, and was told that the creek had 'come down' because of a great thunderstorm at the heads, and that they

must turn back or else swim the horses. This miracle, however, had not happened for two years.

The buggy was of American build, with two seats, and a rough framework supporting a covering of oilcloth. Clare and her husband were in front, and Claribel, the half-caste, sat behind with Ning, while the baby was cradled by turns in the arms of its mother and its nurse. The insects, the heat, and the uneven progress of the buggy, fretted the poor little creature, and its moans irritated Tregaskiss. Ning was tired and cross too, and as Clare, with throbbing head, aching back, and tired arms, tried to soothe first one child and then the other, she had a grotesque fancy, in moments of dulled consciousness, that this was some sort of purgatorial torture she was going through, and when her husband, startled by the odd sound of the laugh with which she pulled herself together, asked what she was thinking of, answered :

'Oh, only that it was a pity Dante never came to the Never-Never country.'

'Good Lord!' Tregaskiss ejaculated con-

temptuously, and whipped on the horses, not thinking it worth while to pursue the subject further.

Presently, however, as he turned suddenly, fancying the whip had flicked her, he was struck by her extreme pallor and a curious dazed look in her face. She caught at the rail of the buggy.

'Please hold baby steady on my lap,' she murmured.

Tregaskiss hastily shifted the reins, and clasped the child, while she slowly straightened herself.

'What is it? You're not going to faint! Hold hard a moment; I'll get you a nip of brandy.'

'No, no; this is better.'

She fumbled in her pocket, shakily producing a small bottle and medicine-glass, and succeeded in pouring out and swallowing some of the mixture before the blackness, which was beginning to rise, had blotted out everything in front of her. The dose immediately revived her, sending a little shock through her body, and for a moment or two causing her heart to beat violently.

'What is it?' Tregaskiss asked.

'I don't know; Dr. Geneste gave it to me.'

'Geneste!' cried Tregaskiss, pulling up and looking at her in angry alarm. 'Why, you wrote and told me you were all right again! What about Geneste? Where on earth did you pick him up?'

'I forgot—I didn't tell you I fainted—or something — yesterday, and Mrs. Ruffey brought him in to see me.'

'Fainted! And you never said a word to me about it! How should I have known you weren't up to the journey?—which is evident enough. I might have spelled a day at Cedar Hill. But you will always make damned mysteries. Well, if you choose to kill yourself, it's your own lookout.'

Tregaskiss' genuine concern vented itself in anger. Clare deprecatingly protested.

'It was nothing. She hadn't wanted to delay him—there was really no need to worry over a fainting-fit. Numbers of people fainted——'

'Oh, I dare say. But you do always make infernal mysteries, especially about anything that upsets you. What's the good?

That's not my way. If I'm upset I let 'em know it.'

This was certainly the case. Over the minor ills of life Tregaskiss blustered. Clare, anxious to credit him with the higher qualities, forced herself to believe that under some great misfortune he might display an unexpected heroism. She laughed nervously, and again declared that 'it was nothing.'

'Good Lord!' Tregaskiss resumed; 'who ever heard of such doing? I'll back against Geneste's medicine good old honest "Three Stars." That's what I'm going to give you.'

He threw down the reins and rummaged in one of the bags at his feet for an iron cup. The brandy he poured from a flask that he carried in his pouch. Then he swore at the black-boy, who was riding ahead with the pack-horse, for going out of hearing, and bade him unstrap and fetch the water-bag, that was slung to the back of the buggy. He scolded the half-caste nurse, too, for not having taken the baby from her mistress, and passed the infant to her over the back of the seat, so roughly that it awoke and cried. He made Clare swallow a strong dose of the

brandy, drank some himself, ordered Tommy George to push on to The Grave, unload the pack, and prepare the camp, and finally lashed the tired horses into a feeble trot, which brought them to the camping-place as the sun was setting.

The Grave was a grassy pocket between a gidia scrub and shallow creek, now a bed of dry sand. It had its name from a long narrow mound under an iron-bark gum-tree, and an inscription rudely cut in the bark, which told that here a shepherd was buried. Vegetation was comparatively luxuriant along the watercourse. The coolabah-trees were more leafy ; and an undergrowth of tall grass tussocks and low shrubs spread on each side of the broad sandy bed. Tommy George and his fellow black-boy had hobbled the pack-horses and were rigging the tent, and the fresh relay of buggy-horses, under the charge of a third black-boy, had arrived, and were grazing with bells round their necks. Behind rose the dense gidia scrub, interspersed with green trees and sandal-wood bushes, which in this Leura country alternates with the vast stretches of plain. The gidia here grew

to a greater height than in the starved, sickly clumps which were dotted about the desert flat. They are strange, melancholy trees, with stiff, hard leaves of a moonlight gray, and straight black trunks, that give them the appearance of being in mourning. Clare did not dislike the gidia scrubs. Though they were so different from the luxuriant jungle-like scrubs of the Ubi, which were associated with her girlhood, and of which she had kept a glorified recollection, they had a weird beauty of their own, which in certain moods of hers exercised a soothing effect upon the nerves. She liked the curious moaning sound the wind made in the wiry leaves, and then the faint sweet scent of the sandal-wood growing amongst the gidia roused dreamy fancies, and was peculiarly agreeable to her. There were still some blossoms left, though it was late in November, and the sandal-wood blooms in early spring.

It was a relief to get out of the buggy and stretch cramped limbs. The grim purgatorial fancy had vanished; the camp-fire showed a scene of homely wildness. Tiny flying things were about, but the black-boys had

piled green brambles, which made a column of smoke, and in its shadow there was freedom from the mosquitoes, whose hum mingled with the strange buzz of insect life that after sundown haunts the Bush. It is at this hour that the flights of parrots and cockatoos end; and the harsh locust whirrings and shrill chatterings and screechings of the day are hushed. Then the wallabies and opossums and scrub creatures come forth, and the dingoes start their dreary howl.

Clare took the baby again, and the wee hungry thing, fed and appeased, opened its eyes and crowed, while Claribel helped the black-boys, and Tregaskiss unharnessed the horses and got out rugs and provisions. Tommy George, with a tomahawk, cleared the ground under the tent of gidia tufts and prickly twigs, and strewed it with leaves, over which Claribel spread a blanket. For a little while Ning forgot her fretfulness in excitement in the preparations, but presently whined.

'Cobbon, mine thirsty. Daddy, where me find water; mine no find water.'

Mrs. Tregaskiss explored the dried bed of

the creek, and echoed Ning's cry. 'What are we going to do for water? The bags are empty.'

'It's all right,' said Tregaskiss curtly. 'You are not much of a Bushwoman after all. Ask the black-boys.'

Tommy George grinned.

'No fear, missus; plenty water sit down along a creek.'

And then he dug a hole in the sand, and, to Ning's delight, the hole slowly became a little pool as water bubbled up from below. The tin 'billy' was filled and set on the fire to boil; the salt beef and bread and pickles, and a pot of jam Mrs. Ruffey had put up for Ning, spread out; the quart-pot tea was made, and the travellers ate and were refreshed. After tea the water-hole was widened for the horses to drink, and they, contented too, were hobbled to pasture, their bells tinkling as they moved. Tregaskiss lit his pipe, and stretched himself with his head on a valise; the black-boys gathered round their own fire. Baby and Ning were given a sort of bath in a tin dish, and by-and-by laid to sleep among the blankets on their

bed of leaves, with Claribel keeping drowsy guard.

Clare, too, lay down at the entrance to the tent. She could not bear to be within. She wanted to feel the vast heavens over her—the wide world round her—wanted to yield herself without hindrance to the strange fascination of night in the Australian Bush.

The moon, not yet full, threw ghostly shadows, and the grass tussocks and spinifex bushes took grotesque shapes. There was a faint aromatic scent in the air. Life seemed to breathe in every leaf, to lurk in the dimness everywhere; and yet the sense of loneliness was overpowering. The bells round the animals' necks had grown fainter, but the insect hum had intensified, and through it Clare could hear the 'hop-hop' of wallabies, and now and then a crashing of underwood far off in the scrub, as some wild-cattle made their way out into the open. The blacks were still chattering, but Tregaskiss, his pipe between his teeth, was huddled in his blanket, and might have been asleep but for an occasional muttered oath and slap at a tormenting

mosquito. He roused up for a moment to swear at the black-boys and shout:

'Give those horses there a shoot-back. Can't you hear Priam's bell working off? Shorten his hobbles a ring or two—he's a brute to ramble.'

He rolled over again. Then, after a time:

'Clare, are you asleep?'

'No, Keith; I can't close my eyes.'

'Nor I. Damn the mosquitoes! I don't believe that's Priam's bell, after all. Some bullock-drivers, perhaps, camped in the other pocket. Pickaninny all right?'

'Sleeping soundly.' Presently Clare added: 'Keith!'

A snore was the answer.

Clare lay broad awake and looked up at the stars—the Southern Cross with its pointers imperceptibly mounting, the Pleiades, the Magellan clouds. Venus had risen over the tops of the trees so brilliant that she seemed to throw down a defined ray of light, and after her Mars had become visible. There were all the wonderful Southern constellations, so familiar to Clare that she might have known them for centuries. And yet during the most

impressionable years of her life she had lived under Northern stars, and had studied them as illustrations when she had learned astronomy from the celestial globes in the schoolroom. She tried now to recall the Great Bear, and Charles' Wain, and the rest; but they were a blur, and her mind refused to make any map of them. Odd! For she knew that if she were to go away towards the North Pole and live there to be a hundred, and never see Aldebaran, and the Scorpion, and the Southern Cross again, they would be as clear to her mind's eye at her dying day as they were to her bodily eyes this night. Well, perhaps she had known those stars centuries ago, and in some long-dead existence had steered by them, dreamed beneath them. Perhaps it was the vague strivings in her of passionate memories from that richer existence which gave her at times the bursting feeling of yearning and unrest, the terrible dumb straining towards some undefined and wholly unattainable joy. Perhaps, in this cramped, crude life to which she seemed condemned, she was expiating the vices of a too voluptuous or too ambitious past. Her fancy went wandering

in conjectures of this mystic sort. During her stay with the Warakers, she had dabbled in the New-Pythagorean theories which are a fashion among certain sets in London. She had read Desbarolles and Alan Kardec, and some of the Theosophical literature. The smattering of Greek metaphysics which she had contrived to pick up in her school-days was always a consolation to her; and she had devoured everything that came in her way concerning ancient philosophies, bygone creeds, and old-time religious pageants. It was an intense regret to her that she had never visited Egypt, Greece, Rome, or any other scene of a dead civilization. The occult, and in especial the notion of re-incarnation, had always appealed strongly to her temperament.

Gladys Waraker and she had firmly persuaded themselves that they had been friends, sisters, in a former phase of development. They had revelled in the notion that their affinities dated back to the early Pharaohs, for which civilization they had entertained a strong predilection. They declared to each other that it explained their idiosyncrasies.

To be sure, Gladys, unlike Clare, bore no relation to the Sphinx type ; but Gladys confessed to leanings towards the Greek, and Phil-Hellenism on the part of the Pharaohs was almost prehistoric, and quite satisfactory in the way of argument. Oh, of course, they had all lived before. As Clare gazed at the immensity of space, she seemed to read in the stars proof of her conviction.

And if she had lived before and had known Gladys, she must have known others. Her husband! Clare shuddered. Must they go on, drawn together by some mysterious attraction, for æons and æons in the cycle of fate, or might she hope, by patient submission in this life, for freedom in future ages? It was a horrible thought that she must be bound for ever and ever to that uncongenial companionship. As she lay still, she could hear Tregaskiss' stertorous breathing. It affected her even at this distance with a distinct sense of repulsion, and caused her to shrink within the circle of herself, so to speak, so that she might make a kind of spiritual barrier, which would prevent the two moral atmospheres from mingling. What had her

husband been to her in the life that was gone? Somehow he fitted into the picture, and her fancy readily placed him amid semi-barbarous associations. A fighting, conquering, riotous-living, mail-clad, woman-loving hero—perhaps one of the Trojan set—or a Berserker, maybe. She was getting mixed in her chronology, and laughed to herself. She had never had any faculty for dates.

Tregaskiss' snores became louder. The black-boys were now lying like mummies, rolled in their blankets. Suddenly the dingoes in the scrub behind set up a prolonged and most gruesome howling. Clare was familiar enough with the dismal sound, which, even when she heard it in her bedroom at Mount Wombo, made her shudder. But here in the wild, it afflicted her with an eerie, indescribable horror. She was not frightened—of course, she knew that dingoes are not creatures to be frightened at—but the wailing got on her nerves, and when the curlews joined in with their miserable shriek, she could endure no longer to lie still and listen, but got up and wandered away from the camp, finding relie

in movement. She had at all times a tendency to sleeplessness, and would often at home steal out in the starlight or moonlight and pace the bank of the lagoon, feeling a certain satisfaction at being thus alone with Nature.

To-night she walked out of sight of the camp, round the bend of the creek, and along the broad shallow watercourse. Presently she got into a sparsely-wooded pocket, mostly grown with the mournful coolabah, or flooded gum, which in the moonlight looked peculiarly dank and desolate. Clare thought that the buggy-horses must all have strayed here, the tinkling of the bells was so distinct and frequent. Then as she got near a belt of gidia which seemed to bound the pocket, she became aware of a different sound beyond—the stir and confused night bellow of a small mob of cattle, and the regular patrol of a mounted stockman keeping the beasts from breaking. The belt of gidia narrowed down from the scrub to the watercourse, and at the point was a clump of big gum-trees, that she thought must shadow a landslip and lower plateau, for she could see the smoke and reflection of a

camp-fire rising, it appeared, from several feet below. As she approached the gums more closely, and finally crouched down behind the trunk of the largest, Clare could hear the voices of men camped round the fire.

CHAPTER VI.

'HOW LONG? HOW LONG?'

It was the usual camp talk; she had heard the same sort of thing before. From it she gleaned that the party consisted of a gentleman-drover, a stockman, and a young 'hand' or two, who were taking down fat cattle to Port Victoria. Somebody said:

'I suppose you know that you're a "scab," Peter? That's what you're called, isn't it, when you throw up the Union?'

'Scab or blackleg—I dunnow; I ain't on the strike any more now.'

'Well, you're not a shearer, Peter, anyhow; and so what are you striking for?'

'I dunnow. When I went to Ilganda with my mate, he went on strike; and Jim Dowlan comes up to me, and I had to give him ten

shillings, and then he guv me a ticket. I dunnow what they were all doing; but we camped out on the creek, and they used to give us a stick of tobacco every other day. Then the man that owned the strike said he had no more money; and then a chap gets up, and says those can go and get work that wants, and those that don't want can fight to the bitter end, and ruin the squatters, and drag Leichardt's Land down with them. And then we gives the chap three cheers. That's all I know about it; but I bet there'll be a jolly row before next shearing-time, and I know I was jolly full of it—and, any way, I've sacked the Union, and tore up my ticket.'

The late striker who had delivered his opinions appeared presently to have moved away. Clare leaned over, round the trunk of the gum-tree. She could see what seemed to be a further camp-fire, with four black-boys playing euchre a little way from it. The striker had drifted towards them, and she could hear his voice saying, 'Take it up!' as he joined the game. She recognised him, an undersized, vicious, unhealthy-looking lad —a waif whom Tregaskiss had kept for a

few months on Mount Wombo, and had dismissed for theft.

'It's a fine Union, to be made up of things like that,' said a voice which caused Mrs. Tregaskiss to start. 'That boy knows nothing about a Union; and the man who owns it, and whom they were cheering, is Kelso, the Labour candidate, one of the greatest scoundrels unhung. What fools they all are!'

The voice was that of Geneste. It resumed:

'I shall go and have a look round the mob, boys, before I turn in. Daybreak sharp to-morrow, mind, for my start! Lucky I hit your camp! I should advise you to keep a close watch to-night. A cattle smash in a brigalow scrub is no joke, and these Darra beasts are a wild lot. Hand me over the tobacco-pouch, Micklethwaite, will you, and a fire-stick?'

Clare crept closer to the edge of the landslip, and craned forward over the bristling herbage and rank grass that screened the drop. She saw now a nearer camp-fire, right under the shadow of the bank, which was steeper than she had supposed. The gentle-

man drover, Micklethwaite, whom she recognised also as having come over once from Cyrus Chance's station to Mount Wombo, was leaning back against his saddle and a roll of blankets, placidly smoking. One of the stockmen was on his knees, mixing and kneading on a canvas baking-board the flour for next day's damper. A 'billy' of tea simmered in the ashes; and there was a larger 'billy' in which salt junk was boiling. On a flour-bag a little way off were spread the remains of the evening's meal. Two other men sprawled on their blankets smoking and cursing the heat, the insects, and the necessity for sitting well into the smoke of the fire, in order to escape from the mosquitoes.

Somebody remarked that the clouds had cleared off, and Geneste said:

'I don't like this weather; it looks to me as if there would be a long drought. By the way, have you seen anything of the Mount Wombo people to-day on their way up?'

'Tregaskiss? No; shouldn't wonder if he was camping in the other pocket. Peter said he heard horse-bells. Somebody told

me he was bringing up his wife. Poor woman!'

Geneste went on scraping his pipe, and did not speak. He sat down on a fallen tree, and tapped his pipe against the bark. The firelight illumined his clean-cut face, and showed lines of determination about the mouth. Clare liked the face; she liked him for taking no notice of the allusion to herself. How dare these men pity her!

Micklethwaite went on:

'It beats me how a lady brought up in England can go on leading the life she does. And how a man can stand by and see his wife roughing it in such a God-forsaken hole, knowing that he had brought her from luxury to—*that*, and not want to cut his throat or go on his knees and beg her pardon, is more than I can understand.'

Still Dr. Geneste said nothing.

'I call it a downright sin,' continued Micklethwaite. 'And when he is a little "on," he isn't decently civil to her. I saw her wince the night I was there; and there was a butcher at the table who ought to have been at the huts; and her husband chaffing and cheapen-

ing her before him in that rough way of his. By Jove! if I had a wife as handsome as Mrs. Tregaskiss, I'd treat her like a queen, and I'd see that all others did the same. Upon my soul, I pity a woman under those conditions. It's enough to make her hook it with another chap—only there isn't anybody up here worth her while to hook it with. What do you say, Doctor?'

'That I prefer not to bring a lady's name into camp talk.' Geneste's tone suggested a flint giving sparks. 'Thanks.'

He stretched over for the fire-stick which Micklethwaite had been brandishing, lighted his pipe, and stepped out of Clare's sight.

'Well, that's a facer!' murmured Micklethwaite to himself; 'but I'm hanged if I didn't deserve it.' And he got up uncomfortably, and went over to where the blackboys were playing.

The stockman, who had kneaded his dough into a cake, whistled and shifted the blazing logs apart, leaving a glowing bed, in which he scooped a hollow, placing the dough therein, and covering it carefully with ashes.

'Here, one of you fellows! I'm going to

round up the horses. Look after the fire for me,' he called out. 'The damper is in the ashes.'

'And damn poor it will be when it comes out,' said one of the other men, making the regulation camp joke.

Clare, hot, and trembling with indignation, had drawn back against the gum-tree. She hated Micklethwaite—unreasonably, perhaps. At the moment she hated her husband, and with perhaps greater justification. It was he, she told herself, who had subjected her to this humiliation. At least Dr. Geneste was a gentleman. This was the most coherent thought that framed itself. She got up and ran as swiftly and quietly as she could away from the gum clump and down towards the river-bed. Tears blinded her. She ran till she was out of hearing of the men's laughter and the black-boys' voices calling over their game. Then she stood still, and stretched out her arms in a tragic gesture that was a revelation of the pent force of passion in her. A revelation indeed to the man who had been impressed by her stoic resignation on that other afternoon, and who could not have

imagined it possible for her face to be transformed as the moonlight now showed it. Geneste was close to her, but she did not see him.

It seemed natural that her emotion should express itself in Biblical phrase.

'How long? oh, my God, how long?' she said, almost in a whisper, but so clearly, and with such intensity of emotion, that each syllable fell sharply upon his ears through the howling of the dingoes in the scrub. She looked up with great despairing eyes to the star-studded space above, and then out upon the vast lonely bush, showing, where the belt of scrub broke, a vista of desolate plain. The world seemed open to her; she might escape now—this very night—unchecked, with pitying Nature's mantle spread out to hide her from pursuit. Practically she was free as the kangaroo or the wild-dog. And yet—yet she stood, a wretched human, chained by moral responsibility as tightly as though her limbs were bound with iron.

'How long? how long?' she repeated—this time louder. The changed expression of her face spoke in answer to her question the

despairing formula, 'Till death do us part. Instinctively Geneste felt that this was the thought which shaped itself on her compressed lips. He had never heard it suggested, until Michlethwaite made his careless remark, that her marriage was not a happy one; but he knew now, as surely as if she had laid bare her whole inner life to him, that she was miserably mated.

Her arms had dropped to her side, and her form, momentarily expanded in her passion, had shrunk together again. The turning inward, as it were, of that wild outward gaze, yearning, he fancied, for the breath of ocean and of liberty, seemed to him like the hopeless glance back of a captive from a vision of blue sky glimpsed through a prison grating—to the pallet bed and blank walls of a condemned cell. She was mentally scanning her cell—the tent, not a quarter of a mile distant, in which lay her sleeping children.

She pulled herself together, and moved mechanically tentward, coming down towards the river-bed and to where Geneste was standing, in the shadow of a gum-tree. A cattle-track ran along the creekside, bare and

clear in the moonlight. Across it, a yard from her feet, lay a blunt, brown thing, like a bit of dead wood or a shred of bark. She would probably have trodden upon it had not a voice called out sharply but quite steadily:

'Step back! It's all right—only a snake in front of you.'

She retreated sideways, and with a great start found herself almost touching Dr. Geneste, who had removed his pipe with one hand and held the other outstretched. Clare laughed hysterically, a weakness unusual with her.

'Oh, it's you!' she exclaimed.

'Yes. Stop a moment; I must have that brute.'

He looked round and picked up a short, thick stick, with which he struck the adder on its flat head. The reptile was sluggish, as is its way, and did not try to escape. After a moment or two he pronounced that it was 'done for.

'Lucky it was on the track and not in the grass. They make for clear spaces. You ought to be careful, Mrs. Tregaskiss. The Grave has got a regular name for death

adders, and snakes are pretty spry at this time of year. Did I startle you? You are trembling.'

'No—no. Thank you for calling out.'

She mastered herself, and spoke evenly.

'Funny, our coming across each other like this! Do you often take midnight strolls?'

'Sometimes, when I can't sleep, I go and sit out among the gidia-trees by the lagoon. It's cool there. To-night in the tent it was so hot—and the mosquitoes—and the native dogs; did you ever hear them make so much noise?'

'Yes, often. It *is* an infernal howling. But I can't say I dislike it. It had a sort of fascination for me when I first began camping out. There was something barbaric and unfettered in the association of ideas. One could not imagine a stronger contrast to the London night noises—that awful, empty roll of returning carriages and the like—a kind of hollow social echo of the Preacher's refrain, "Vanity of vanities."'

He had talked on mostly in the nervous effort to cover a disagreeable suggestion. Had she heard Micklethwaite's tactless com-

ments upon her supposed matrimonial infelicity?

'Oh!' she cried. 'You know all about that, too?'

'Too?' he repeated. 'So you, as well as I, have revolted from civilization?'

'If you call it revolting——'

'To marry an Australian squatter and come to the Never-Never country! Are you happy here on the Leura, Mrs. Tregaskiss?'

The moment he spoke he repented the question which had escaped him out of the perverse working of things, as one laughs on solemn occasions from the sheer strain of enforced decorum, and which seemed an ironic allusion to the despairing abandonment he had just witnessed. He fancied, in the moonlight, that she reddened.

'Happy!' she repeated, with an involuntarily bitter emphasis. Her tone was that of roused resentment, and she turned on him eyes that flashed. The mild moon-rays revealed the flash.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, involuntarily also. 'I know what you are thinking, but I

assure you it wasn't out of impertinent curiosity that I said what I did.'

'No. I understand how it came out. One says things like that, and then one feels directly afterwards that they were tactless. I winced because—oh, I dare say you understand, too. Of course, when I cried out in that stupid way, I had no idea that you were close to me.'

'I am very sorry. I had strolled away from the camp. I wanted to look at the mob. Yes, I know—I saw you—and the expression of your face arrested—moved me infinitely.'

She made a gesture as if to deprecate his pity.

'I owe you thanks. You, at any rate, acted like a gentleman. I am much obliged to you for not allowing me to be discussed by your stockmen.'

'Micklethwaite spoke thoughtlessly. He is rather a cad in some of his notions, and wants to be pulled up now and then.'

'Oh, I remember when he came over to Mount Wombo that he took pains to impress upon me his extended knowledge of English

society. But, like a good many of the Englishmen who come West, he forgets the English code of manners, and does not adopt the Australian one.'

'You are severe, Mrs. Tregaskiss.'

'It is because I have suffered from—from a want of chivalry in a certain class of our visitors.' There was a slight pause. She broke it suddenly. 'What made you revolt from civilization?'

'Two things. One I may tell you about—if you would care to hear—perhaps some day, when we know each other better; the other was only a breakdown of health. I was threatened with consumption if I did not live in a warm dry climate.'

'That you certainly have on the Leura. But you look quite well now.'

'I was perfectly well in less than two years. However, by that time the passion for exploring had got hold of me. It's as bad as the gold-fever.'

'I have never explored anything,' she said impetuously, 'except'—and she hesitated and laughed—'except two phases of life and a few illusions.'

'The two phases of life are the English and Australian, aren't they? I suppose you have explored them both thoroughly?'

'I have gone as far as circumstances have taken me, and that isn't a great distance.'

'Far enough, anyhow; it seems to have made you a bit of a cynic. Mrs. Tregaskiss, you are too young to have got to the other side of your illusions.'

'I am not at all young. I am at the beginning of middle age.'

He laughed.

'Middle age has its illusions, too, and since you are beginning it, you should be in the flush of its joys.'

'What sort of joys and illusions has middle age?' she said indifferently.

'I think, before I try to fix them, I'll ask you what are the joys and illusions you give the season of youth.'

'I said nothing about joys. But oh yes —enthusiasm is a joy, I suppose,' she answered.

'Enthusiasm? First love and that sort of thing?' he asked.

'I wasn't thinking of love at all, though I

have no doubt some girls take flirtation as a serious enjoyment. I was thinking of real enthusiasms. Those were my illusions about books, and art, and people—people outside the flirtation category. Girls are never in a position to know what love really means.'

'Do *you* know, I wonder?' he mentally interpolated. And then he thought of a girl who came into his mind not seldom at this time, and exclaimed with a curious frankness, 'I think I could guess at one girl who would know—when the real thing came—but the real thing is slow about coming along, as a general rule, I fancy.'

Mrs. Tregaskiss made no comment on the interruption, but went on in her deliberate, plaintively modulated voice:

'And then there's always the grand sort of hope and belief one starts with, and the expectation one has, that the world is there to be twisted and kneaded into the shape one wishes, as if it were a bit of dough.'

'Now I'm glad I asked you to place things,' he said. 'I should have said that first love was the illusion of youth, and art and books the reality of middle age.'

'Perhaps that is true. But art may begin in illusion, may it not? I was thinking of a girl, too.'

'May I ask her name?'

'Gladys Hilditch.'

'Gladys Hilditch?' he repeated.

'Oh, you don't know her, of course—a girl who was a friend of mine long ago, and a girl who is married now. She was one of an artist set. Who were you thinking of? The other girl, I mean—the girl who would know the "real thing" when it came along.'

'Of Miss Helen Cusack,' he answered, without weighing his words.

'You think that, because she is so real in herself?' Clare asked, interested.

'I think she is very real, and simple, and sincere.'

'Ah, I understand. You mean that she is not complex—that she would accept without analyzing, and that when she had once accepted a feeling as real, she would be true to it?'

'You express my thought exactly.'

'I shall be more interested now in Helen Cusack,' said Mrs. Tregaskiss reflectively.

'I looked upon her as a child. I see that you look upon her as a woman.' Again there was a short pause; then Mrs. Tregaskiss resumed: 'There is no art, and there are very few books, on the Leura.'

'I have a great many books at Darra-Darra.'

'Have you?' She spoke with some eagerness.

'Perhaps you'll come over and have a look some day. I have lined a room with them. Ramm couldn't understand how anyone could want a bullock-dray-load of books. If they had been kegs of rum, he would have appreciated the necessity.'

'That is quite certain.' Once more he knew by her tone that he had touched a raw spot. 'Don't the white ants eat your books? At Mount Wombo they devour everything. They crawl up the walls, and eat the brackets and picture-frames; they build nests in the store-room, and get into the flour, and they scoop out the rafters and make holes in the cradle; and I know I shall dream they are eating baby.'

'Oh, come, Mrs. Tregaskiss, that's partly the fault of your station hands; they should

keep the posts and slabs fresh tarred. But I can crow over some of your Leura bosses, for I've built myself two stone rooms, and my books are in one of them. That's your camp, I suppose?'

They had come within sight of the fires, in the smoke of which Tregaskiss and the black-boys slumbered. Clare seemed to hear her husband snore. There was a faint tinkle of horse-bells too, and of gentle browsing, audible in a lull of the dingoes' howls. The errant Priam and his mates had been driven by the mosquitoes into the circle of the smoke. Clare's children were sleeping. All was silence in the tent. She started guiltily.

'I had forgotten my baby,' she said, turning to Geneste and holding out her hand, adding: 'My husband is asleep; and you must want to get back to your camp and go to sleep too, or I would ask you to come and make his acquaintance.'

'I can't do anything for you? No, I'm not sleepy. But I have to make a very early start to-morrow.'

'It must be late—a strange hour, isn't it, for me to be wandering?'

'Strange? Yes,' he assented absently. 'I think everything in life is strange; but the strangest thing which strikes me just now is that, though I took the liberty of doctoring you yesterday, I have not asked how my remedies succeeded. Did the drops do?'

'Oh, very well, thank you. They pulled me together to-day when I was beginning to feel faint and things were growing black. But never mind about that. It isn't *that* which matters.'

'What is it that matters, then? Tell me, Mrs. Tregaskiss. I wish I could help you.'

Something of the tragic passion he had surprised a little while back showed itself in the look she gave him. The look was searching, and had a pained hesitancy, yet she spoke almost with recklessness.

'It matters that I let you see my weakness. Yes, you can help me this way—don't betray me.'

'Good heavens!' he exclaimed angrily. 'What do you take me for?'

'For a man—like all other men. I don't know you, remember. You may be engaged to Miss Helen Cusack. If not now, you will

be, perhaps, by-and-by. I know how men talk to girls they are going to marry, especially about some older woman in whom the girl is interested. It would be natural enough that you should discuss me together, and that you should speak to her about what you have seen. I have this great favour to ask you, and I am paying you a compliment in asking it—don't do so. Instead, forget it.'

'What do you take me for?' he said again. 'Do you class me with Micklethwaite?'

'Oh no; but, oh! do stop people when they begin to say the things he said. You don't know how it galls my pride to think of it. And then for one's neighbours—for the Cusacks to know — to pity one, perhaps. Besides, Dr. Geneste, it is not true. I am quite happy; I am perfectly contented.' She flung out the assertion defiantly. 'My life may be rough and dull to outsiders, but I chose it of my own free will—more, even, I chose it thankfully.'

'You are a very loyal woman, Mrs. Tregaskiss, and I respect you. That's answer enough, isn't it, to what you ask?'

'I have something more to tell you. Do

you know that when I was disgraced and deserted by my friends—and by the man who had wanted to marry me—*he* was true—Keith Tregaskiss. He didn't run away from me; he came forward and offered me everything he had to offer.'

'I did not know,' he stammered. 'I know nothing of your history—except——'

'Except that I was Clare Gardyne—that's enough to make it all clear—and that now I am Clare Tregaskiss. I bear my husband's name with gratitude; yes, gratitude. You would be quite mistaken if you imagined, from what you saw to-night, that I am unhappy.'

'No, no!' he exclaimed. 'Think me as impertinent as you like for saying this—you challenged me, remember. No, you may tell me as many loyal lies as you think proper, Mrs. Tregaskiss, but you'll never make me believe that you are a happy woman.'

The man's matter-of-fact sincerity dashed down her weapons, and forced her to a reactionary candour.

'It's true. Sometimes I think I am the most morbidly miserable woman on earth.

But I don't give way to it. To-night I couldn't help crying out. I was choking—I was stifled—I was being—killed by the awful dense materialism of everything. I want sympathy—I want soul, spirit, intellect, to come and touch me, and breathe a breath of real life into me. And there's *nothing*. Nothing but coarse cruel flesh and blood; beef and mutton; parched barren earth—fit only to bury a corpse in. Nothing but everlasting gum-trees; everlasting gidia scrub; everlasting dry plain.' She stretched out her hands to the forest and the distant level which touched the sky. 'It's awful, isn't it? It's horrible—so big, so lonely, and so—dead.'

She stopped and stared at him like a trapped thing; and then gave herself a little shake.

'Good gracious! What makes me talk like this? You must think me mad.'

'Dear lady, I think you are overstrained and tired, and the Leura has got on your nerves; and your little outburst is as natural and as necessary as the escape of compressed steam. You'll be all the better for it. As

far as I go, you must recollect that I'm a doctor, and if I don't understand something about women's nerves I had no business to go in as a specialist for nerve disease. Perhaps thinking of that will give you a little more confidence in my sympathy as well as in my discretion.'

'Yes, thank you,' she answered abruptly, quite recalled to herself. 'Good-night, Dr. Geneste.'

'We shall probably fall in with each other on the road to-morrow,' he said, 'as we are both bound in the same direction. If not, please convey my regrets to Mr. Tregaskiss, and allow me to look forward to a meeting at Mount Wombo.'

'Yes—he will be sorry.'

'Good-night, then.' He lifted his hat and moved a step or two, then came back. 'There's something I should like to say, Mrs. Tregaskiss: I will never repeat to living soul what you have said to-night. And I have not the honour of being engaged to Miss Helen Cusack.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE CUSACKS.

Mr. Tregaskiss and his wife did not, upon their next day's journey, fall in with Dr. Geneste. He started at daybreak, and Tregaskiss two or three hours later. The blackboys, in getting up the horses, of course discovered at once their neighbours of the night; and Clare was not yet awake from a dull sleep when they came back and informed their master. Tregaskiss hurried off to look at the mob of 'fats,' and lost some time in discussing bovine matters and 'Leura gossip with Micklethwaite over a pannikin of tea which had in it more than a dash of cognac. Micklethwaite came up to the buggy-camp, in shirt-sleeves and soiled moleskins, to pay his respects, as he stated, to Mrs. Tregaskiss

and the new baby. He was disposed to be a little free-and-easy after his early stimulant, though it must be owned in justice that this was not a frequent indulgence, and Tregaskiss scolded his wife afterwards for being 'stand-off' and for keeping visitors away from Mount Wombo by 'confounded dignity.'

There was another day's drive which seemed interminable; and the baby fretted and moaned with prickly heat, and Ning was cross, and Tregaskiss swore. On and on, across dreary plains, under scorching sun; the only relief a belt of scrub, the only human life their own, a road party, a shepherd, and a man who looked dazed and answered Tregaskiss' greeting stupidly. He had gone silly from a sunstroke, and was left in charge of a surveyor's camp. Then night under the stars, and water getting low in the canvas bags, so that the children could not have a bath, and on again the next morning, till towards sundown Brinda Plains station came in sight.

The Station—as the seat of the Workings was called, in contradistinction to the House, where the Cusacks lived—was, as is the case

on many large sheep properties, a village in itself, with its great woolshed, its store and post-office and bachelors' quarters, and the men's huts, and cottages of the storekeeper and accountant. Then came a fence with big white gates—Brinda Plains had the best gates of any station in the district, and gates in the Bush are always a sign of prosperity. Beyond the gates the house, an oasis of comfort and luxuriant verdure in the midst of the brown plain, which was like the sea, having island clumps of trees dotted about, a lily-covered water-hole making another spot of bright green, and a long, low, dull, green line in the near distance marking the creek. The house was low and rambling—mostly of stone—and there were great wide verandas, and many outbuildings, some of which had bough-shades, while others were connected with the main structure by gangways, covered with native convolvulus and wild-cucumber. There was a beautiful garden, which had water laid on from the water-holes, so that the half-tropical shrubs were green and the flower-beds gay. Clumps of bamboos looked like gigantic tufts of upright feathers. A bohinia-

tree, with its large pink flowers, resembled an immense azalea shrub in bloom; and an emu apple showed a waning glory of great white blossoms. The coral plant was putting forth its green and giving out only points of red, and the tecoma-tree showed branches of brilliant orange bells. There were flowers of all kinds, many fruit-trees, and shady graped trellised walks. It was a beautiful garden, and Clare thought regretfully of her own less luxuriant plot, and wished that they at Mount Wombo had windmill-pumps and a staff of gardeners. As the buggy drove past, a set of tennis-players stopped their game and looked out from between the pepper-trees to see who was coming. The Chinese cook put his white-capped head out of the window; Mrs. Cusack, who was sitting in the veranda, her basket of mendings beside her, talking to a delicate young woman wrapped in a woollen 'cloud,' looked up, too, and hurried round to the gangway at the back to receive her guests—all Australian houses are approached from the rear. She was standing there as Clare got down—a portly, good-looking woman, with a fussy

kindliness of manner and a gush of greetings.

'Oh, Mrs. Tregaskiss, and aren't you just dead with the heat? and camping out, too! Dr. Geneste told us. Come right in, and you'll have some port wine before you speak a word. And this is the new baby. Poor little chappie!—prickly heat, eh? Oh, it's a girl, is it, Mrs. Tregaskiss? Well, I don't know that girls aren't better than boys in Australia, and easier put out in the world—and if they were all only as good to their mother as my Helen! Helen, come along, quick, and see Mrs. Tregaskiss—you are Helen's admiration, my dear. She is always talking about you. Will, here's Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskiss. Call someone to see to the horses and you take Mr. Tregaskiss in charge, while we look after the chicks.'

Mr. Cusack, in a white linen suit, a newspaper in his hand, came round the veranda corner. He was a big red-faced man, pompous and given to brag about himself and his belongings, but a pattern husband and devoted to his children.

'How are you, Tregaskiss? Those horses

of yours look pretty well done up. Congratulate you on the new baby, Mrs. Tregaskiss. But you don't seem the thing exactly. Too much roughing it, I should say. If my wife was in your shoes she'd jib, wouldn't you, Kitty?'

Clare made a faint disclaimer. She was too tired to be resentful.

'Oh! I know what roughing it means,' cried Mrs. Cusack; 'and I've had plenty of that in my time, and never made so little fuss over it as Mrs. Tregaskiss. I always just quote your wife as a model, Mr. Tregaskiss —so cheerful and contented. If only all Bush wives were like her, as I say to my Helen! And it isn't as if she hadn't lived in England, and didn't know what good society is.'

At the moment Helen Cusack appeared. She ran up to Clare with both hands outstretched, and yet something of awe in her greeting. Her mother was right; she admired Mrs. Tregaskiss immensely. There was no one in Helen's world of women, or of books, so suggestive of thrilling romance. The women in books were not alive, and Mrs. Tregaskiss

not only lived, but gained in dramatic interest from the contrast she presented to her surroundings. Helen was herself quite an embodiment of youthful romance, but of this she was unconscious. She was a shy, sweet, simple-minded creature, with a force of character not apparent on the surface, and a tendency to idealization hardly compatible with a distinctly practical side to her nature. She was excessively pretty, of a gum-sapling slenderness, and extreme delicacy of complexion—Mrs. Cusack had never allowed her daughters to go out without gauze veils—deep clear blue eyes, and brown hair that had a wave in it and was parted in the middle. She was clever too, and talked with the brightness and ready adaptability of the typical Australian girl ; and if Mrs. Cusack had a trace of snobbism, her daughter was the most perfect little lady whom it was possible for Nature to produce. Clare looked at her with a quickened interest ; an impulse, for which she could not account, made her bend forward to kiss the young girl. 'Oh, was I ever young and trustful and happy like that?' she thought ; 'and what will she be

like when she marries and has children ?' and then the next thought, ' I wonder if she will marry Dr. Geneste ?'

Mr. Cusack made Ning indignant, by flicking her cheek and asking after her friends, the blacks. A golden-haired child, two years older than the Pickaninny, came and took her away. Helen and her mother fussed over Mrs. Tregaskiss, and Helen ran for the port wine.

' Take Mrs. Tregaskiss' hat, Minnie. You have got thin, my dear, but never mind ; you must eat a lot while you are spelling the horses here. That's the best remedy—heaps to eat and a happy mind. Now come to your room and put on a cool gown, and then we'll have a quiet chat about baby.'

' Any whisky out, Kitty ?' said Mr. Cusack. ' Come along, Tregaskiss, and have a nip. The groom will look after the things.'

They took Clare into a big cool stone bedroom. Helen gave her the port wine. Minnie, another golden-haired child, brought in tea, and a third blue-eyed creature a bunch of roses. Presently the Cusacks' nurse took possession of the baby ; and Ning was

escorted to the bath-room and thence to the children's quarters, and was told that she must on no account bother her mother till bedtime.

Clare lay and dozed. By-and-by Tregaskiss came in. He was cross; his self-esteem had been wounded, and the signs of prosperity at Brinda Plains irritated him. He declared that Cusack's brag was insufferable, and that if Clare had not been so 'done up,' and the horses so much in need of a spell, he would start off on the morrow. His grumblings sounded above the noise of his splashings as he dressed. So also did those of two young ladies in a veranda-room on the other side, who were quarrelling over a pair of curling-tongs and complaining that it was a 'downright shame to ask girls over from Ilganda, and not warn them that there'd be dressing for dinner.'

The bell clanged. Helen Cusack tapped at the door and entered in response to Mrs. Tregaskiss' 'Come in.' She was already dressed, and looked fresh and fair in her white gown. With all her girlish simplicity, she had a certain seriousness of aspect, which,

combined with the purity of her limpid eyes and the virginal curves of her face and form, gave her something of the Madonna appearance. She wore an artistic trail of allamanda blossoms, and carried some of the same flowers in her hand. She thought that perhaps Mrs. Tregaskiss might like allamandas, too, better than Tottie's roses, which were droopy things; the heat had withered them, and then the allamandas would go so beautifully with Mrs. Tregaskiss' tawny sort of dress. Wasn't that what artists would call a harmony in browns and yellows? Hair and eyes, and complexion and dress, and that old-fashioned cross Mrs. Tregaskiss always wore, which had been her mother's. And were those stones really uncut rubies? She, Helen, always wondered how it was that Mrs. Tregaskiss' dresses, and everything about her, and Mrs. Tregaskiss herself, seemed as if they had come out of a picture. Oh, it must be delightful to be so—so interesting-looking, and so different from every other person.

'I am not so interesting as you yourself are,' said Clare literally.

'Oh, Mrs. Tregaskiss!' Helen could say

no more. The comparison seemed almost sacrilegious. The elder woman was a goddess who had descended to the Leura from an Olympian sphere. In Helen's imagination, the distinction between London society and society in Australia was as that between heaven and earth. 'I am only a stupid Bush-girl,' she said. 'You can't call me interesting in your sense.'

'My dear, you are very clever, and you are very sweet, and very, very pretty! Isn't that being interesting?' answered Clare. 'You are ever so much prettier than I ever was when I was young.'

'Oh, Mrs. Tregaskiss,' Helen repeated, 'that is nonsense, you know! Oh, just before you came, Dr. Geneste said——'

She stopped abruptly, abashed by the sudden dilating of her companion's eyes as they turned upon her. And something which had not occurred to her before glanced through her mind in a vaguely disturbing way—a thought suggested by the comparison, and given weight by Geneste's words.

'Yes?' asked Clare. 'What did Dr. Geneste say?'

'Oh, perhaps I ought not to repeat it,' Helen faltered. 'But it is nothing to mind about really. He said that you were the most beautiful woman he had ever known.'

'This is very kind and flattering. Did he tell you anything else about me?'

'No; how could he? At least, he told me that he had met you at Cedar Hill. We were looking on at the tennis when you drove up, and, of course, I was saying how much we all admired you; and then he said it must be a trial for one so intellectual and so highly strung—I think those were his words—to lead this kind of life.'

Clare flushed, and then turned the subject with a laugh.

'If this "kind of life" means being taken care of at Brinda Plains, my dear, it is very much to my liking. And am I keeping dinner waiting? You were quite right about the allamandas; they go much better with my dress.'

It was very evident that Helen Cusack had been carrying out in the drawing-room some Melbourne ideas of decoration. Clare remembered it as a comfortable but inartistic

room, with the furniture stiffly arranged, and few feminine prettinesses. Helen had pulled out the piano and draped it, had improvised screens, and pushed back the round table. She had laid mats and pelican skins upon the polished cedar floor, and had put tall green things in pots at appropriate angles. The room looked full of people when Mrs. Tregaskiss entered. There was the party of Cusack girls, of whom Helen was the eldest, and their governess, Miss Lawford. This lady was pretty, and given to flirtation, and was just now at the elbow of a quiet, consumptive-looking young man with a clever face, whose bright eyes followed Helen Cusack's every movement. Clare had heard that he was in love with Helen, and had come up after her from Melbourne. Then there was the delicate lady, still in a white 'cloud,' who had a sweet bright face, and laughed a great deal; and there were the girls without evening dresses, whom Helen had told Clare were Miss Ococks, from one of the roughest of the small cattle-stations near the township of Ilganda. One was short and dark and squarely made, with a

determined, rather coarse, face; the other was thin and weak, and had prominent light eyes, and a great deal of teeth and gum. Mrs. Cusack was introducing an extremely awkward Bushman to the determined-looking one, and trying to soften the young lady's discouraging reception of his uncouth bow by the conciliatory remark:

'Oh dear no, Miss Ocock! you mustn't think that Mr. Wilmett wanted to run away when Mr. Cusack offered to introduce him to you at the races. I am sure Mr. Wilmett never ran away from a pretty girl. Any way, you must wait till after dinner, and give him a dance, and let him explain himself. We always dance after dinner, Mrs. Tregaskiss, when it isn't too hot, for the sake of the young people and to teach the boys—the "unbroken colts," Mr. Cusack calls them. Here's one unbroken colt—Martin, come and shake hands with Mrs. Tregaskiss—and there's another—Harry, make your bow. Mrs. Tregaskiss is used to the best English manners, you know. Do you hear that, Mr. Blanchard? You ought to be delighted. Mr. Blanchard is our last new-chum. He

likes best being called Bishop Blanchard ; that's right, isn't it ?'

There was a note of asperity in Mrs. Cusack's 'chaff,' which, for some reason not evident on the surface—for very soon Clare discovered that he received with indifference more bludgeon-like sarcasms—seemed to hurt the Englishman keenly. She presently told herself that it must be because his appearance gave point to the allusion, though he seemed singularly free from small vanities. He reminded her of Doré's 'Neophyte,' only that he was very much older—too old, she thought, to be acting new-chum — and altogether of much more decided character and personality than the young monk. It was his eyes which had the same expression ; and his face was of the thin, ascetic type, which suggests martyrdom for the sake of a conviction. He was excessively handsome, peculiarly refined—the refinement of far too subtle a nature to appeal to the Leura folk, who frankly owned they did not understand him, and accordingly revenged themselves by turning him into a butt for their jokes. Clare came to the conclusion that he was

a man with a story. She learned later that he had only been a very short time at Brinda Plains. She saw that he curbed his annoyance, covering it with the laughing remark:

'Ah, Mrs. Cusack, won't you be merciful? You shouldn't, now, always bring that unfortunate episode up against me.'

'He only tried to reform the bullock-drivers, Mrs. Tregaskiss,' called out Mr. Cusack, in his great, self-satisfied voice. 'Reproved them for swearing—said it wasn't English. Good boy, Blanchard! But you'll have to begin with the bosses first—eh, Tregaskiss? I heard you let out a good round one at Tommy George a few minutes ago. You'll have the Bishop down upon you, if you don't take care.'

At Tregaskiss' guffaw 'the Bishop' retreated into the background, and began talking to one of the other new-chums. There were always two or three young men at Brinda Plains learning colonial experience, and contributing, by the premium they paid, to Mr. Cusack's income. On the whole, they found an agreeable home, notwithstanding the tendency of the 'unbroken colts' to

practical joking, and the snubbings administered by the heads of the establishment at the evidence of any airs of superiority. Mrs. Cusack was kind-hearted, if a little dictatorial; and, moreover, she was the match-maker of the district, and, in pursuing this mission, made her house a gay social centre. The room was dim—Australian twilight quickly merges into darkness, and the shadow of a stand of calladiums obscured the near distance—yet Clare had, as she entered, the flashing consciousness of a thin muscular form, a falcon face, and an alert glance in her direction; and now that Mr. Blanchard retired into the background, Geneste emerged from his station among a knot of men, of whom Tregaskiss was one, who were collected round the host.

'Dr. Geneste tells me he met you at Cedar Hill,' went on Mrs. Cusack, who rarely for a moment stopped talking. 'Seems so funny, doesn't it, to call a squatter neighbour "doctor"? The only doctor I've known well on the Leura was a German one, who used to recite to us what he called "The Rahven," and who borrowed £50 from Will

that he never paid back. He wasn't a doctor, really—only a sort of school one ; but Dr. Geneste is everything. One knows what being a physician in good practice in London means. And it's such a comfort in the district ; and his being so kind about looking after people, too ! I am sure our storekeeper would have died if it hadn't been for you.' She now turned to Dr. Geneste. 'How have you found him this afternoon ?'

'Oh, he's getting on splendidly, Mrs. Cusack ; and I shan't have an excuse any longer for riding over from Darra and getting a good dinner and delightful music.' Geneste shook hands with Mrs. Tregaskiss, and made a commonplace apology for having pushed on before the Tregaskiss buggy. 'You see, I got an early start, and was here two hours sooner than you. I'm glad you have taken my advice. Your husband tells me you mean to spell a day or two.'

A white-capped maid, who was Ning's especial admiration, announced that dinner was on the table.

'Will, look after Mrs. Tregaskiss,' cried the hostess. 'She's our guest of honour.

Oh no, we won't go in arm and arm; that's not the Bush fashion. Come along to my end, Mr. Tregaskiss, and help me with the carving. I advise you to stick to Helen, Dr. Geneste; she'll see that the boys don't victimize you.'

It was a pleasant, noisy meal. The delicate lady on Mr. Cusack's other side chattered with a vivacity that was only checked now and then by a little dry cough, which she declared was a crumb gone the wrong way. Mrs. Cusack's tongue went all the time, keeping her end of the table lively. Miss Ocock had melted to her shy escort; and the thin girl found plenty to say to Mr. Blanchard in the matter of 'chaff' about his English fastidiousness: 'Was it true that he took his razors with him when he went camping out; and was he really so dreadfully clever and superior; and did he look down upon all Australians?' etcetera. The young man from Melbourne had deserted the governess, and was on Helen's left hand; and Miss Lawford had consoled herself with the Land Commissioner, a sedate and stolid person, who had been lately left a widower,

and was, report said, on the lookout for a second wife. Miss Lawford might be described as a crude Australian edition of Becky Sharp in the Jos Sedley epoch, and was open to the offer of any matrimonial establishment on the basis of an income exceeding two hundred a year, though she continually spoilt her chances by too daring flirtations. Mr. Cusack discoursed upon his new Artesian Bore and the perfection of his management. 'But when you've got to do with a big place like this, Tregaskiss, with your thirty thousand sheep to shear, it doesn't do not to have everything tip-top. Of course, on a little cattle-station it can't matter so much, as I tell Tregaskiss.' Mr. Cusack's patronage and brag had the effect of irritating Tregaskiss beyond measure, and of intensifying Clare's rather haughty reserve. 'How anybody can care about that woman beats me,' Mr. Cusack declared to the Land Commissioner later. 'A black gin from the camp would be a deuced sight better company': to which the Commissioner, who did not like Cusack, and meant to assess him as heavily as justice permitted, quoted the opinion of

Cyrus Chance, the miser millionaire, that there was no one in the district fit to hold a candle to Keith Tregaskiss' wife.

Dr. Geneste was on one side of Helen, and the young man from Melbourne got short and preoccupied replies to his eager remarks. Geneste and Helen seemed excellent friends, though it might have struck a close observer that at the beginning of the meal both were labouring under a slight embarrassment. But this wore off—on his side, at any rate. He talked to her about some books he had lent her, and led her on to the asking of questions and to the giving of her opinion upon them, which she did with a shy deference that must have been very taking. The attitude of preceptor to a charming girl is one which from Abelard to the Nouvelle Héloïse has had its delights and its dangers. Geneste was twenty years older than Helen, and, moreover, was a man who had in his time stood out among men of abilities beyond the average. It was quite natural that Helen should regard him as a superior being.

The young ones of the party went out

after dinner and strolled about the garden, while the elder gentlemen settled themselves in squatters' chairs in the veranda and smoked, and Mrs. Cusack went with Clare Tregaskiss to see the baby. At dessert the company had been reinforced from the bachelors' quarters by one or two stray men, and the secretary of the Pastoralist Committee, who had ridden over from Ilganda to convene a meeting for the discussion of precautionary measures against the threatened labour strike. Dessert, however, was mainly eaten out of doors. The moon was just two nights older than when it had illumined Dr. Geneste's ride, and inspired his reflections between Cedar Hill and The Grave, and it gave sufficient light for the distinguishing of ripe strawberry guavas, passion-fruit, and Cape mulberries, just coming in season. Geneste and Helen by-and-by found themselves separated from the rest—the result of innocent tendency on the part of the girl, and of deliberate design on that of her governess. Miss Lawford had made a compact with herself to forego all attempt at flirtation with Geneste, and to further, as far as lay in her

power, an understanding between the two. Helen, she guessed, was quite prepared to adore Geneste ; nothing could be more natural than that Geneste should admire Helen, and she herself would find her matrimonial operations much facilitated by a removal from the scene of this too attractive young lady of the house. Miss Lawford scented crisis in the meeting this evening, and she was not wrong in her suspicion. On the occasion of Geneste's last visit to Brinda Plains there had passed between him and Helen that of which the girl had never been since for a moment unconscious.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Yet the episode had been a very unimportant one as counted in the life of an ordinary young woman. The night had been just such a one as this, only that there was a fuller moon and the stars were less brilliant diamonds in space. They two had gone out after dinner and had made for the passion-vine trellis—where they were standing now—to see if any fruit were yet ripe. The fruit had not been nearly ready to gather, the green eggs were only faintly purpling; but Geneste had been at pains to discover one which, in the moonlight, at least gave promise of sweetness.

'Try it,' he said.

Helen bit into the rind with her pretty

white teeth, slightly pointed in front like those of a rodent. It occurred to him at the moment to wonder whether this peculiarity suggested a subtler side of her nature than appeared indicated by the Madonna-like placidity of her expression. He remembered having read somewhere that the feature was supposed to be symptomatic of tenacity of purpose, and of the affections. The trellis from which he had gathered the passion-fruit overshadowed the bank against which a seat was placed, so that the turfed bank made a sort of cushion to the bench. The vine was planted in a bed at a higher level from which the bank sloped, and tapestried the wall of a gardener's hut, spreading out as a roof to a roughly-constructed veranda. The hut was now used as a fern-house, and was entered at the opposite side. Helen and Geneste sat down on the bench—Mrs. Cusack called it her 'lovers' seat,' and used to boast of the number of engagements which had been concluded on the spot. Helen toyed with the fruit, caressing it softly with her lips before she bit it. Geneste still watched her, and thought how pretty she was, and how tender.

There was an unconscious coquetry in her action which troubled and stirred him. It was his weakness to be susceptible to the charms of a charming woman. The rind was acrid; she made a little wry face and threw the fruit away.

'It's not ripe yet,' she exclaimed. 'Poor thing! What a pity to have gathered it! Now it's dead and done for; it's bleeding away.' She pointed to the pale purplish juice which exuded from the skin. 'And I have killed it.'

'Happy passion-fruit! It has died in the flush of promise by a kiss from a woman's lips.'

He bent closer to her, and spoke in a moved, excited manner.

'A cruel kiss,' Helen said.

'I am not sure. I think I envy the passion-fruit. Imagine the rapturous expectancy it might feel as your breath ruffled its down, and the thrill when your mouth pressed against it—presuming, of course, that a passion-fruit is capable of emotion; and, anyhow, its name justifies the fancy. And then the accessories—moonlight, the scent

of tropical flowers, the silence and sweetness of the garden, and, above all, the death-dealer—a girl—a kiss! One couldn't conceive a more poetic euthanasia. How much better than to shrivel on its stem, and to die by degrees of old age and apathy!'

'What a strange idea to come into your head! I didn't think men ever had notions of that kind.'

'Don't you ever have notions of that kind?'

'Yes—oh, of course. I am quite silly about the growing things. I always fancy that they have life.'

'Of course they have.'

'I mean that they really feel.'

'Naturally they do. They have digestions and nerves and sensations; and they love and hate, and are sympathetic with some human beings, and antipathetic to others.'

'How do you mean? Not really?'

'Haven't you noticed that when you and Miss Lawford gather roses or verbena, and put them into your waistbands at the same time, hers are drooping and wretched an hour later, while yours are fresh and well

satisfied? Your atmosphere is sympathetic to them; hers is not.'

'I had never thought of that. But I have certainly noticed that her flowers drooped soonest. How observant you are!'

'I should have been a poor doctor if I had not trained myself to observe.'

'Poor things! Yes, I think they do like me,' Helen said, with a little laugh. 'I can't bear to throw them away. I always have the feeling that they suffer. Nothing can be more dreadful, as you say, than the slow withering up of sap and sweetness. I like to burn the poor dears, or else to bury them. I should like——' She paused, and looked whimsically at the passion-fruit in her hand. 'I should like to bury this.'

'By all means; the sentiment does you credit. Let us give the passion-fruit honourable interment.'

He spoke nervously, looking at her in a very fixed manner as he did so. She blushed deeply under his gaze, and both tried to hide their embarrassment beneath an affectation of gaiety. Helen bent toward the flower-bed, which sloped to a level with her shoulders,

and, lifting her arms in a particularly graceful attitude, scooped a hole in the earth with a stick she picked up. And then she wrapped the fruit in one of its own green leaves, and laid it in the hole, smoothing the mould as carefully as if it had been Ning burying her doll. Ning, by the way, had a graveyard of defunct pets. After that she gathered some tiny twigs, and broke them into pieces, making with them a fence to the miniature grave.

All the time his gaze was on her face. Presently she turned to him, and surprised his eyes, which had an expression in them she had never seen there before. It gave her a feeling of extreme happiness, and at the same time of extreme shyness. She drew back a little, and held out her hands, palms upward, with a gesture that appealed to him in a degree upon which she had certainly not calculated—nor, indeed, he either.

'I've got prickles in my finger. There must be a prickly-pear plant up there.'

He took the two hands in his.

'Which is it?'

'Do you think me dreadfully stupid and

babyish? Fancy digging a grave for a passion-fruit! But it can't be trodden upon and squashed to pieces now, poor thing! And it deserves that much after the pretty things you said about it. But—do you think I am babyish?'

'I think you are——' His voice shook, and the last word was spoken so low that she could not be certain what it was: she fancied that he said 'adorable.' Presently he said more loudly, but scarcely with more steadiness: 'When I see you as you are to-night, you make me wish——'

'Wish? Tell me what.'

'You make me wish that I was ten—fifteen years younger; different altogether from what I am, and that I could dare——'

Her hand fluttered in his like a little bird. He lifted it to his lips, and kissed the finger which had prickles in it, very tenderly and with self-restraint.

'Does it hurt now?'

'No. It didn't hurt. Dr. Geneste, I'm not a little child. Why do you wish—that?'

'That I could dare—— Do you want to know what? I mean *this*.'

He put her hand down, and, moved by an impulse which for the moment mastered him, caught her in his arms and pressed an eager kiss upon her lips. He repented and was ashamed of the impulse as soon as he had yielded to it. The cool touch of her childish mouth had the effect of sobering him. And then, as she leaned back with upturned head against his arms in the innocent abandonment of her trust and joy, the look upon her face almost frightened him. It told him the truth so plainly. It made him realize, with a stinging sense of remorse, what he had done, and, with a more selfish enlightenment, in what kind of position he had involved himself —a position from which he might find a difficulty in honourably retreating. It made him pull himself up shortly and sharply, and ask of his reason, 'Do I or do I not want to marry this girl?'

There had always been in Dr. Geneste's character a curious blending of impulse and deliberation. Though feeling might hurry him to the very verge of crisis, he was able to hold himself sufficiently in check to look and calculate consequences before taking the

leap. In a flash he saw now consequences that must follow upon that unpremeditated kiss, and determined to save himself and at least secure time for reflection. He was moved, too, by a chivalrous consideration, late though it came, for the girl herself. He was not self-indulgent at the cost of injury to others, and, though he was in a manner weak, his code of honour towards women was a clearly-defined one. He knew that he did not love Helen Cusack, though his fancy had been greatly attracted by her sweetness and prettiness, and had even dangled round the notion of her as his wife. He knew that she might get something far better than the lukewarm passion, alternating with calm affection, which was all that he could give her. It would hardly be fair, even supposing that he really desired her, to take advantage of a child's ignorant first love, and chain her youth, her hopes, her latent capacities for the deeper emotions, to a man old enough to be her father. His resolution was taken. He unwound his arms and very gently took her two hands in his, drawing slightly away from her. Then he bent again, and quite quietly

imprinted a second and more chastened kiss upon her forehead. It was a token of apology and regret. Then he released her altogether and got up, standing as a suppliant craving pardon.

'Helen, forgive me!' he exclaimed.

Helen had rightly interpreted his action. She shrank to the corner of the bench, and sat huddled up, with head downcast. For a few moments she remained quite silent.

'Won't you forgive me?' he said, in low, pained tones. 'I don't know how to excuse myself or to ask your pardon. I can't tell how I came to do it. It's years since I had —that sort of feeling towards a woman. I can't account for the sudden temptation to tell you—like that—that you are very dear to me. I suppose, as a matter of fact, it takes a man a long time to grow quite out of the feelings of youth, and to keep from overstepping the line he has in sober judgment marked out for himself between friendship and anything warmer. I am myself again now. I will never offend again.'

Still Helen said nothing. Her silence dis-

tressed and perplexed him. He went on imploringly :

'Miss Cusack, I don't think that if you could see into my heart you'd be so angry with me ; and you wouldn't look upon the offence, perhaps, quite in the same light as if it had been a young man who had taken such a liberty. I'm twenty-five years older than you are, and you must know that I couldn't honour or feel more tenderly for you if you were my sister—or my daughter. You *do* know that ? Won't you try and forget the folly of a moment, and let me show you in future that I can deserve your friendship ? Say you forgive me the folly of a moment ?'

His words fell like the cut of a lash on Helen Cusack's heart. That was what he called it. For her it had been a moment of bewildered ecstasy. She had met his lips in frank, full confidence. And now he wanted to show her that she must not make too much of what had only been a passing attraction to a girl who had looked pretty in the moonlight, and who had encouraged his advances by an exhibition of silly sentiment. She had been caught in a whirl, taken off her feet, as

it were, and now, though his tones had wounded her, and in a sense brought her back to common earth, she was hardly able to define her own feelings or to realize the exact position as regarded his towards her. There was at least the joy of having heard him say that she was very dear to him, mingled though it was with the dread that in reality he despised her. Helen was a proud girl, and a brave one too. At his last appeal she got up from the bench, and, with a dignity that touched him deeply, held out her hand.

'Please don't say anything more. I think I understand. I am glad—that you—like me. Don't you think that we had better go back now? Father will be wanting me to play to him.'

But it had been quite half an hour after their re-entrance before she had taken her place at the piano, and from that night there had come a look into her face and a note into her voice, when she sang, which had never been there before. She had not seen Geneste since then until to-night; he had gone away early the next morning, and on the occasion

when he had come over to tend the store-keeper, who was down with the Northern fever, she had been away on a visit to the Ococks. But he had left her a packet of books, and a letter which was respectfully cordial, with, to her intelligence only, an underlying note of contrition. Mrs. Cusack read the letter, and was faintly struck by its tone. She was also a little puzzled by a certain change which she noticed in her daughter, but, oddly enough, matchmaker for the district as she was, it never occurred to her that there might be any sort of flirtation going on between Geneste and Helen. In any case it was her way to let affairs of that kind take their course where her own family were concerned. Like a great many Australian mothers, she was indifferent in the matter of her daughter's matrimonial prospects; she felt certain that Helen would marry well, some time, and was not disposed to hasten or retard the event.

It was that episode which both Helen and Geneste had vividly in their minds when to-night they found themselves together under the passion-fruit trellis. This was the natural

after-dinner resort. Helen had gone there in the company of Harold Gillespie, her Melbourne admirer, and had not been aware that Dr. Geneste was of the party till Miss Lawford, darting forward, had forcibly carried off Gillespie, and Helen, lingering in sentimental reverie for a few moments, had turned and come face to face with the man who filled her thoughts.

'Mrs. Cusack told me to bring up some passion-fruit for Mrs. Tregaskiss,' he said, with apparent unconcern; 'but I am quite sure that she would like guavas better, and that she would rather gather them herself.'

'Won't you go and bring her along, then?' said Helen, trying also to seem at ease.

'I can't. She and your mother have gone to put the baby to bed.' He stood by the bench as if waiting for Helen to seat herself. 'Let me find some ripe ones for you, Miss Cusack; they should be ready by this time.'

She sat down, and he reached up to where the purple fruit hung from the leafy roof, and gathered half a dozen, which he laid on the bench beside her.

'They are quite ripe now,' he said.

She did not answer. The fruit lay unnoticed. He took the place by her side, and as she leaned back sideways, in something of the attitude which had so roused his admiration on the last time they had sat in this spot, his eyes, by unconscious association, wandered past her to the tiny mound, still fenced in by the twigs she had placed round it, which marked the passion-fruit's grave. One or two of them had been blown down, and he stuck them upright again. She gave an involuntary shudder.

'Oh, don't!' she said.

'Why? Is the memory so hateful to you? Helen, haven't you really forgiven me? May we not be friends?'

'Yes; but it is not easy to forget, Dr. Geneste—things that hurt.'

'Well, then, why forget? Only, instead of a pain, let the recollection become a pleasure. May we not remember that which passed between us as a pledge from me to you of sincere affection, of loyal friendship? Surely it would not be a pain to think of me as your friend? You can't help my being

that, whether you like it or not. I shall never change in my feeling towards you.'

'Ah!' Helen gave a quick drawing-in of her breath; her manner altered completely, and became almost hard. 'How do you feel towards me? I wish to know. Tell me exactly, please, Dr. Geneste, how you think of me.'

He looked at her, a little surprised at her question. The utter frankness of the Australian girl was as yet to him an uncalculated quantity. He did, however, in Helen's case, recognise the fact that frankness was the outcome of fearless innocence, and also of self-respect. He began, indeed, to wonder whether he had rightly described her to Mrs. Tregaskiss as 'not complex.'

'I am afraid,' he said hesitatingly, 'that if I were to answer you truthfully, you might think I was assuming what I have no right to assume; in fact, you might misunderstand my estimate'—he hesitated—'of my influence over you—of our relationship to each other.'

'No, I should not misunderstand you. I am giving you credit for being loyal—in your thoughts of me. You know quite well that I

look up to you ; and that I—like you.' She made little qualifying pauses. 'Of course I couldn't say such a thing to—Mr. Gillespie, for instance, or to anybody else that I know. I shouldn't say it if you hadn't told me that I was—dear to you—I'm treating you like a friend ; and I'm trusting you. If people are to be friends, there shouldn't be any false pride between them, to prevent their speaking out to each other in what concerns their friendship.'

'That is noble of you, and I take you at your word. Thank you, Helen—I may call you Helen, just for to-night, mayn't I ?'

'Tell me, then,' she said again, 'exactly how you think of me.'

'I think of you as the purest, and sweetest, and truest girl I have ever known. I think of you so much, and so tenderly, that if I were of a different nature, and the conditions other than they are——'

'The conditions ?' she interrupted. 'What are they ?'

'I am an old man even for my years, and they are three parts of an average lifetime. And I am a battered cripple into the bargain.'

'Oh, that!' she said impatiently. 'Your age! What does it matter?'

'It matters everything. You are eighteen, I am forty-five—twenty-seven years between us. That means a chasm, across which it is just possible for us now to clasp hands; but ten years hence the gulf would have widened beyond the faintest hope of contact.'

'Well?'

'What more can I say without seeming a conceited fool?'

'Never mind that. I shouldn't think you so; and there is no one else to mind about. I dare say you might fancy me a forward, unmaidenly young woman if you judge me by everybody else; but it wouldn't be true. I feel in my heart it would not, and I don't care for anything that merely "seems."'

'Indeed, indeed,' he exclaimed earnestly, 'such a notion could never for an instant cross my mind. What could I feel but reverence, admiration for you — for your generosity, your candour? What could I feel but the deepest sense of personal unworthiness? Oh, forgive me, Miss Cusack.

Indeed, I don't know how to make it all clear to you.'

'Never mind; let it be,' she said again. 'You have been telling me about conditions. But you said, too — that if your nature were different. What did you mean by that?'

He hesitated again before answering.

'Well, I will try to explain; but it is difficult. I am conscious that my nature is one which grasps at the fullest, the richest of its kind that life can give. In emotion, sensation, I want the most exquisite—or nothing. I could put aside the desire for love—love in its most real sense. I think I might deliberately choose for myself as most fitting and satisfying a calm interest and affection—if I could consider that fair—to another.' He spoke haltingly. 'But if it were to be a question of love, that love must be the most complete — to ensure happiness, the most absorbing that there could be in the world. It must be perfect sympathy, perfect passion, community of mind and feeling, such as could exist only between a man and woman on the same platform, as regards

experience, or one should say capacity for experience. That's impossible where there is a great difference in age. If you and I stood in such relation—I speak boldly—we should both be in a false position. I should be disappointed, however unreasonably ; and, far worse, I should disappoint the woman I wished to make happy. The end would be bitterness. In short, if I were married to you, Helen—I say it out boldly—you would not be my wife—in the real sense ; nor would you be the dear girl-comrade, whose ways and mind are so full of charm, and in whose companionship I find such a delight. Don't be offended at my frankness.'

'I am not in the least offended. Is it not what I asked you for?' she replied gravely. 'Only there is one thing I should like to say ; you speak to me and of me as if I were a child out of the play-room. That's what you have labelled me in your fancy ; and you dangle dolls before me and wrap up my powder in jam. I want to say that I am not a child, and that, if you seriously reflected about me, you would know from the fact of my talking to you as I am talking now that

I am a woman who can think as well as feel.'

'You are giving me new revelations of your character, and I believe that you are right,' he said. 'That is one of the unexpected speeches you sometimes bring out, which make your mind a pleasure and, in part, a mystery to me; which make me afraid, and ashamed, too, of the feeling I have for you at moments—moments like that one for which I have begged forgiveness.'

'You mean that at such moments you are —almost—in love with me?'

'Yes,' he said, in a low voice, 'as you would understand it.'

'But not enough in love with me to make you want to marry me. Tell me—is that so?'

'Since you will have the truth—as far as I know it, that is so. You put me into an ungracious position by forcing me to speak plainly. What right have I to suppose that you would care to marry me? It is presumption on my part.'

'I told you what I thought about that; and I don't think you have acted quite as if you thought it presumption,' she said sadly,

with a touch of irony that gave him a sense of humiliation. 'What an odd talk we have had!' Helen went on, in a different tone. 'It's something like the Lancelot and Elaine scene, I think. Do you know, Dr. Geneste, you have always seemed to me a sort of Lancelot.'

He made an impatient gesture.

'I am not in the faintest degree like Elaine's Lancelot,' he said, with a laugh, 'except in the being "marred and more than twice her years," any more than you are like Elaine, except in your youth and your fairness. And then there's one immense dissimilarity.'

'You have no Guinevere; yet,' she put in, after a moment, 'was there ever a Guinevere? Will you show me that I am your friend, and tell me frankly if there was ever another woman?'

'Yes'—he spoke jerkily—'there was once a woman—she was not Guinevere, for she was free, and she was bad. Now she is dead as far as I am concerned with her.'

Helen got up, and as she did so he also rose mechanically. She held out her hand, and he clasped it.

'Now I know that we are friends. Dr. Geneste, will you give me one more proof of your friendship—will you make me a promise?'

'What is it?' he said uneasily.

'Will you promise me that, if there should ever again be a Guinevere, you will tell me?'

He did not answer for a moment. She made as though she would withdraw her hand. He clasped it tighter, and said:

'Yes; I promise. But that will never be.'

'If it is, you will tell me. And then—then—no, we won't call her a Guinevere, for I couldn't then wish you happiness, could I? I could only—only——'

'Only what?' he asked.

'I could only pray for you,' she said, very gravely, 'and that I would do with my whole soul.'

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE furniture had been pushed back in the drawing-room and they had begun dancing when Helen and Geneste reached the house. Mrs. Cusack was at the piano. She played with an energy and emphasis which seemed to say that her mission in life—during the evenings, at any rate—was to provide a metronomical accompaniment to the capers of her young folk. Her music could hardly be called anything but a measure of time. She looked up and nodded as Geneste appeared.

'Putting the unbroken colts through their paces, you see. No use, I suppose, telling you to find a partner? But you can go and talk to Mrs. Tregaskiss in the veranda. She doesn't condescend to our Bush amusements.'

There was some acidity in Mrs. Cusack's tone; she was vexed because Mrs. Tregaskiss had declined to polka with her Martin. Martin was now consoling himself with the youngest Miss Ocock. He was an ungainly youth, all legs and arms, and with much of his father's self-importance. Mr. Blanchard and Miss Lawford were jigging from side to side, while the Land Commissioner looked on with melancholy interest from a doorway. He was not quite sure whether Miss Lawford attracted or repelled him; he had begun to think that, at any rate, as a wife she would 'keep him up to the mark.' She was evidently a young lady of catholic tendencies in the matter of flirtation, and now ran up to Tregaskiss, who was looking on too.

'You *must* take a turn with me, Mr. Tregaskiss. I know that you dance beautifully, and of course you must have gone to heaps of balls when you were in England. Do, Mrs. Cusack, let us have a waltz.'

'Oh, hang it! Miss Lawford, I'm too old and too fat, and a married man besides,' laughed Tregaskiss in his hoarse way.

But he was flattered, and with a little more

persuasion put his arm round the governess's waist, and steered her off to Mrs. Cusack's somewhat soulless music.

Young Gillespie approached Helen.

'I've been waiting for you.'

'I don't believe you ought to dance,' she answered. 'I heard you coughing this morning.'

'Oh, don't, *please.* Why mayn't I be like other fellows?'

'You were sent up here for your health, you know.'

'I wasn't sent. I came, and my health had nothing to do with it. I came because I wanted to see *you*,' declared the young man boldly.

'Do you think your father would have got you two months' leave from the Bank for that? Besides, all that is nonsense, and I told you never to speak of it again. Come, then, let us dance.'

She cut short his second attempt at a tender speech, and she really liked waltzing with him. Gillespie and Helen were quite the best dancers in the room. They had the Melbourne step, which in Australia repre-

sents the Viennese. Compared with Helen's dancing, that of Miss Lawford seemed a vulgar romp. To-night she glided with an unusual stateliness, and her face was grave almost to sadness. Gillespie, quick to notice any change in Helen's demeanour and expression, told himself that she had somehow grown much older of late. There were depths in her eyes, and a subdued tension in her manner, that suggested some 'experience.' That was how he phrased it. In the case of a young girl, experience means only one thing. He spoke out his thought.

'I wish you'd tell me whether it's Geneste's coming that has made you different?'

'Different! I don't understand you.'

'You used to be so jolly and bright, and up to any fun, and you used to seem as if you liked talking to me. Now you're always reading the books Geneste lends you; and when you are not reading you are thinking, and when you are not thinking you are sitting out in the garden by yourself, or else with him.'

'He has not been here for three weeks—three weeks to-day.'

'How well you remember! Last time he

was here, you sat out with him in the garden nearly the whole evening, and now again you have done the same to-night. And when *I* ask you to take a turn to the lagoon, or to look at the stars, or get mulberries or guavas, or anything else after dinner, you always say that you must play to your father.'

'I thought you liked music.'

'So I do; but I like talking to you all by myself better. You know what I told you, Nell?'

'You mustn't call me Nell. Nobody calls me Nell.'

'My mother and sister and the girls in Melbourne did. Here you are "Helen," stiff, cold "Helen"—Dr. Geneste's Helen—only I dare say you are not so stiff and cold to him.'

'Stop! No; I don't mean stop dancing, but stop saying things like that. If you go on, I shall never speak to you again. It's impertinent and—uncalled-for to couple my name with other people's.'

'Geneste isn't "other people." Nell, tell me—tell me truthfully—does he want to marry you?'

'Yes, I will tell you truthfully—that he does *not* want to marry me.'

'How strangely your voice sounds! One might think——'

'What? Take care!'

'Oh, dash it! Of course, it would be impertinent to hint that you—of course, he is a great deal too old for you, Nell.'

'That is certainly true. He is twenty-seven years older than I am, and we are great friends, and nothing else, and never shall be anything else as long as we live. Is that enough for you? Now, please don't ever speak of him in that way again.'

'No, I won't; you've relieved my mind. You know what I hope. Naturally, I have to wait till I've got my step in the Bank. But that's sure to come soon — with the governor's interest.'

'Oh yes, of course; it's a grand thing to have a father who is in the Ministry. But you are breaking your promise. And now I'm going to make mother let me play for a bit, and you can get Miss Ocock to dance with you.'

'No; I will have Minnie. She's next best to you.'

Mrs. Tregaskiss was not in the veranda. She had strolled unperceived along the gravel walk to the side of the house where some young orange-trees were in bloom, making the night fragrant. A short path between the orange-trees led to the children's wing, where Ning was sleeping, and which adjoined the room in the main building given to Clare and her husband. She had a vague intention of listening, to find out whether her baby was awake; but all was silent, and Claribel, the half-caste, squatted outside the French window, unctuously chewing a bit of sorghum, and keeping guard over her infant charge. The barrel-organ blare of the piano sounded less aggressively here, and only scraps of the Bushmen's talk in the veranda, which had got upon her nerves as she sat and listened to it, floated into the night.

'Horse knocked up . . . he was in low condition, and the long stage cooked him.' . . . 'Those beasts are rolling fat.' . . . 'And you cross the Moolburra Range—track to the right—brings you alongside of an old sheep-station.

Follow the range—can't miss it;' and so on.

This was the sort of intellectual food which social evenings on the Leura usually furnished. At home Clare would sit and sew, and would listen with a certain dull interest, because the talk had mostly to do with the business of their own station, and Tregaskiss had a way of appealing to her occasionally in such remarks as, 'I say, Clare, did you hear that?—the Gripper has been going for our Cleanskins,' or, 'Clare, remember, will you, that the men at the Bore want rations? And weigh them out for Tommy George to take to-morrow.' And it would happen that she got 'chaffed' or scolded, according to Tregaskiss' humour, if she awakened out of a dream, and confessed that she had not heard what had been said to her. But there was no obligation to keep her mind alert to cattle-talk in Mr. Cusack's house. And, oh, what a perfect evening on which to escape in dreaming from sordid worries, if, indeed, dreaming could bring her either satisfaction or hope! Then another sentence of the Bushmen's conversation reached her, and struck a chord of

whimsical association, so that she laughed softly to herself.

'Do you like the garden here, Mrs. Tregaskiss?' Dr. Geneste said, coming quietly beside her. 'It seems my fate to startle you,' he added, as she turned with a quick movement at the sound of his voice. 'The music and the insects, and those fellows holding forth about their stations and stock, drowned my footsteps, I expect. Mrs. Cusack told me to come and look after you; she said you did not care to dance.'

'Oh, my dancing days are over long ago,' she answered.

'Why do you talk as if everything had ended for you, and you were an old woman?'

'So I am—old—old—old. Look at the plain!' she went on irrelevantly. 'In this light it is exactly like the sea. Do you know what I was thinking, and what this garden put me in mind of? You remember the terrace at Monte Carlo?'

'Yes; but I can't imagine anything more unlike this sort of thing.'

'Oh no; not at all. There, that great stretch of plain is the Mediterranean—when

it is a bluey-brown colour on a muggy night. That fence of prickly pear, with the aloe sticking up, and the pepper-tree, might be the sea-parapet, and the hum of the insects is very much the same; or you might fancy it the murmur of the waves. And the orange-flowers and the bamboos, and those trellises of thunbergia and allamanda, and the shrubs of scented verbena—oh, don't you love scented verbena?' She gathered a sprig as she spoke, and crumbled it between her fingers, inhaling its perfume with a luxurious enjoyment that as he watched her gave him a curious feeling as to a certain finely sensuous side to her nature. 'Then the lights behind,' she went on, 'and the sound of music, of voices, and of laughter—and all the rest. All that ought to be there, even if one cannot find it. No; I don't think the comparison is so tremendously out. Anyhow, it came into my mind.'

'When were you at Monte Carlo?'

'Years and years ago—before I was married. My poor father took me one Easter to the Riviera, and we spent a fortnight at Monte Carlo.' She gathered a bit of orange-blossom, smelt it, and tossed it away. 'I

suppose those were the days when I had the illusions—or, at least, such of them as I was capable of cherishing—which you said belong to youth. Love and all that. No,' she added, correcting herself, 'I don't think that even then I was capable of imagining the sort of Arcadia into which young girls are supposed to enter when they are first engaged. It's rather wonderful, considering the conditions.'

'The conditions?' he repeated. 'Yes; perhaps it was wonderful. You were engaged to be married, and your husband—your future husband then—was with you. One must conclude that the conditions were favourable to romance.'

She was silent for a moment; then she said: 'You are saying to yourself that Mr. Tregaskiss could never have been a very romantic kind of person—not the kind whom one naturally associates with Monte Carlo and music and sentiment. But I was not engaged to Mr. Tregaskiss; it was someone else.'

'Ah!' He wondered if he had got the clue to her tragic resignation. There had

been someone else. Then he remembered her allusion to a lover who had deserted her in the day of adversity. 'Surely, if you were much in love with the man you were engaged to, you must have found yourself in Arcadia, if only for a short time?' he said.

'I was never much in love with him,' she answered calmly; 'and when he left me my pride only was wounded. He was handsome and fashionable, and better born than I was, and he only wanted me because he thought I had money. It was after he threw me over that I married Keith Tregaskiss. Now do you understand?'

'Yes,' he said quietly, 'I understand; I am very sorry for you, and I wish that I could help you.'

'Never mind. Can you guess what I was thinking of when you interrupted me just now?' she asked abruptly.

'No; for I am sure that if I drew the commonplace inference I should be wrong. And you seemed amused at something.'

She laughed again. 'It's commonplace enough. Somebody over there was saying something about a 'poley cow' that had got

into the pound at Ilganda, and had to be bought out. It struck me as a great pity that all this poetic setting should be wasted on such very prosaic drama as the ransoming of a poley cow.'

He laughed too, but uneasily.

'You may be quite certain,' he said, 'that there's more human drama going on among those dancing people than any of us suspect. Just think of poor little Miss Lawford, and the tragedy of disappointed affections and blighted hopes which may underlie that boisterous gaiety. Think of the Land Commissioner, whose heart is buried in his wife's grave——'

'No, no,' she interrupted; 'Miss Lawford is resurrecting it.'

'Well, there's something sensational in that idea, anyhow. And talking of tragedy, here's one. Did you notice the thin, fair woman, with the very bright colour, whom I wouldn't allow to come out into the garden after dinner?'

'Mrs. Carmody? Yes, I know all about her. The Bank came down on Ballandean, and her husband is just allowed to carry it

on, on the chance of working off the debt; and so they can't have a servant or proper hands for the run, and she helps him to muster and milks the cows, and mends and makes and toils, and teaches the children into the bargain. And there are a lot of children. But it's a common tragedy out here, after all, though I was thinking during dinner, Dr. Geneste, that Mrs. Carmody is an example to me. Mrs. Cusack has got her here for a little holiday, and see how she is enjoying it, and how gay and plucky and bright she is.'

'I don't think you want to have an example; you are one yourself to all of us. That's not the tragedy, for her nature wouldn't make it one. She isn't complex, and she doesn't soar to higher things; her children and her dull daily round content her. The tragedy is that the children want her, and Carmody wants her; and her grip on life in one sense is keen; and one could as soon convince her that she is blind as that she has symptoms of—I greatly fear—a serious malady. As for Carmody, he is just an obstinate dunderhead. He won't let himself

believe there is anything the matter with her —as long as she says she is all right. He laughs at me, and won't even let me doctor her.'

'Is she really so ill? She doesn't look so.' Clare was startled.

She is very seriously ill—unless I am very much deceived; and, as I tell you, her husband laughs at the notion. If you ever get a chance, Mrs. Tregaskiss, you might do something there.'

'Yes, if it is possible I will,' she answered gravely. They walked on, talking of poor Mrs. Carmody, and turned, coming presently to a point from which they could see the dancers in the drawing-room. Mrs. Carmody, silhouetted against the light wall, seemed to be chattering eagerly. Miss Lawford was now at the piano, and Mrs. Cusack was fussing about in the dining-room, where refreshments of fruit, cake, and home-made lemonade were being set out. Tregaskiss was with her, and at the moment was pouring some spirit from the decanter and mixing it with the lemonade. Helen Cusack passed by with young Gillespie. Clare looked at

her companion and saw that his eyes were following the girl. She said impulsively: 'Yes, I was quite wrong. Everything in the Bush isn't prosaic. There's a bit of romance here that will turn perhaps into a pretty love-story.'

'A love-story?' he repeated sharply.

'Mr. Gillespie is in love with Miss Cusack. Did you not know that?'

'It—no, I confess that had not occurred to me.'

'I can see all the elements of a hopeless passion,' she went on in her soft, deliberate voice, and smiling that repressed smile of hers that might mean so much or so little. He had an impatient fancy that she was probing him, searching him with her long, narrowed gaze, that she might discover his real feeling for Helen Cusack. He was not altogether wrong. 'To me,' Clare added, 'Mr. Gillespie looks consumptive. I should have thought him in far worse case than Mrs. Carmody.'

'Oh, he will get over that—the after-effects of influenza. I suppose it would be a good match for her?' he said with an effort.

'Oh yes, of course. Mrs. Cusack tells me that his father is Minister or Speaker—or something of that sort. But you know, Dr. Geneste, that Helen doesn't care for him—not the least little bit?'

He said nothing. She persisted:

'You do know that, don't you?'

'Why should I know it?'

'Because—never mind.'

CHAPTER X.

LIGHT ON THE TRAGEDY.

CLARE stopped suddenly, and resumed her walk. They passed again the French window that opened into the dining-room, and Tregaskiss' tones, jovial, yet with their rasping inflection, struck disagreeably on Geneste's ear.

'I say, Mrs. Cusack, what are we to call this splendid tipple—Lemonade Cocktail, Brinda Squash, Leura Eye-opener? Eh, what do you think of that? I wish you'd give my wife the recipe. The best woman in the world—Mrs. Tregaskiss—and, by Jove! as good a housekeeper as you'd find on the Leura; but there's one thing she isn't quite first-rate at, and that's making drinks. A fellow wants something cool and refreshing, and stimulating, too, when he comes in, hot and tired, from a day's mustering.'

'Well, you haven't been mustering on the run to-day, Mr. Tregaskiss, though I dare say driving a buggy over the plains is hot work, too, in its way.' It was Mrs. Cusack's cheery voice that answered, with just a faint note of disapproval in it, tempered by the natural geniality of a hostess. 'Anyhow, I shan't allow you that excuse for indulging too freely in my Leura Eye-opener;' and there was the laugh which covers half-intention in a joking speech. 'Of course, I'll be delighted to give Mrs. Tregaskiss the recipe; and, you'll remember, it's the infusion of herbs—and I'll give you some of ours, in case you don't grow them at Mount Wombo—as well as a bit stronger dash of Will's old rum, too, than ordinary, that gives it the flavour. Now, Mr. Tregaskiss, I'm just going to insist on your dancing this with Minnie. After seeing you with Miss Lawford, I can't be made to believe you don't know how.'

Tregaskiss protested. He was too old, too fat. Miss Lawford was so full of 'go' that she'd put spirit into any old crawler. That was a woman after his own heart: he didn't mean anything disrespectful to Minnie,

and as she wasn't out of the schoolroom, he needn't mind his p's and q's; but the fact was, she couldn't hold a candle to her governess.

Geneste watched Mrs. Tregaskiss' face while the colloquy went on. Illuminated by the light from the house, it wore, he thought, the strangest expression—a blending of pity, contempt, keen anxiety, and angry determination. She had come to a dead halt, and he, too, had waited. Now she made an impatient gesture, and stepped quickly across a bit of lawn intervening between where they stood and the veranda. It seemed to him odd that, looking deliberately in front and about her as she did, she should stumble awkwardly over a croquet-hoop which was quite visible—a white arch on the green. She half fell, stretching out her hands, and giving a cry, 'Keith —oh, Keith!' Dr. Geneste sprang forward.

'Have you hurt yourself, Mrs. Tregaskiss?'

He would have lifted her; but she waved him back, raising herself from the ground, and again calling out, 'Keith! come here!'

Her call had stopped the dancing, and brought forth Mrs. Cusack and some others from the house. Tregaskiss followed his

hostess with a lurching gait. There were eager questions. Had she sprained her foot? It was those tiresome croquet-hoops, which no one would remember to take up. Mrs. Tregaskiss put her arm within her husband's. She was completely self-controlled again, and spoke with rapid decision :

'I am so sorry to have made such a disturbance. Yes ; I think I have turned my ankle a little. Oh, it's nothing, really. Please go on with the dancing, and don't mind me. No ; I am not in pain, thank you. Mr. Tregaskiss will go with me to my room, and we'll be back presently. Come, Keith !'

She drew her husband with her towards the wing, which was approached through the little orange grove. He had put his arm round her, and showed a sort of dull concern, repeating :

'What's the matter, Clare ? What's the matter ? You aren't hurt, are you ? I say, you don't mean that you're hurt ?'

'She seems to be walking all right,' remarked Mrs. Cusack. 'I don't think it's anything serious. I know one feels horrid after twisting one's foot, but it goes off in a

moment or two. Do come in, Dr. Geneste. I want you to look after Mrs. Carmody, and make her have some supper, and pack her off to bed, poor thing!'

It was half an hour before Mrs. Tregaskiss and her husband returned. She looked very pale, and her eyes shone with that repressed fire which Dr. Geneste had begun to know; but she walked easily, declaring that her foot did not hurt at all now, and gave no sign of discomposure.

'Baby had awakened, and they had been putting it to sleep,' she said.

Tregaskiss attended to her with a half-sulky solicitude. He pressed her to take the 'Leura Eye-opener,' but she refused with a gesture of dislike. She 'was not fond of the taste or smell of rum.' But she listened with interest to Mr. Cusack's commendation of his wife's concoction, begged for directions how to make it, discussed the Chinese gardener, in relation to the providing of the necessary herbs, and was altogether gracious and almost talkative, always with the fixed, far-away smile which Dr. Geneste had got to look for, too, and which he associated somehow with the

Sphinx notion and that of pent tragedy. The folding doors between the dining and drawing rooms were open, and in the latter some desultory music was going on.

There was romping, too, among the younger set—the boys, Minnie, Miss Lawford, and the gentlemen from the Bachelors' Quarters. If Mrs. Tregaskiss suggested the Sphinx, the governess had certainly a touch of the Bacchante. She was excited, voluble, and eager to attract notice. Her big black eyes rolled hither and thither, and her white teeth flashed in continued laughter from between red lips. Dr. Geneste mentally classed her as of the hysterical temperament. Perhaps, he thought, she was trying to pique the Land Commissioner into a proposal by a flirtation with Tregaskiss, upon which the presence of his wife made it impossible to place an evil construction. Clare's husband had sauntered towards the group, and was paying attention to the governess with demonstrative candour. One of the young men played a Highland schottische, which Tregaskiss and Miss Lawford danced with fervid interlacing of arms, and with looks which freely incited and freely

gave back admiration. The dance seemed unduly prolonged. Clare watched it stonily. Mrs. Cusack fidgeted with annoyance.

'Really,' she murmured crossly, 'Miss Lawford allows her spirits to run away with her. I don't think I can allow this kind of thing to go on. It's such a pity that she should be so flighty. She teaches so admirably, and when there are no gentlemen about is quite sensible and well behaved, and a cheerful companion to the children. I suppose that as it's your husband, my dear, she thinks herself safe; but there are limits. And then there's my Martin, I begin to see, quite ready to make a fool of himself, and to be jealous of Mr. Walford or anybody else she encourages.'

Mr. Walford was the Land Commissioner. He was standing in the doorway, a pained expression upon his stolid face. One of the Cusack boys was glowering in a corner of the drawing-room. Clare laughed softly.

'Oh, why shouldn't they enjoy themselves?' she said.

'No, my dear; you wouldn't approve if you had girls growing up, ready to follow a

bad example. I hope Mr. Tregaskiss won't be offended if I give him a hint.' Mrs. Cusack marched determinedly forward. 'There's too much romping in here for my taste,' she said. 'Miss Lawford, I think we have had enough of that noisy dance. Mr. Tregaskiss, you look quite out of breath, and you'll be scandalizing "the Bishop," you know. No, don't be cross, Mr. Blanchard; I'm not going to chaff any more. You are behaving very nicely, and I'm glad to see that you are entertaining Miss Selina Ocock. Minnie, it's your bed-time. And there's Mrs. Carmody coughing again. That's right, Dr. Geneste, make her go off, too. Miss Lawford, you'll see Mrs. Carmody to her room; and take care, please, that she has everything she wants. Where's Helen? Oh, Mr. Gillespie, do go and find Helen, and get her to come here and play an accompaniment for Mr. Blanchard. We should so enjoy one of Mr. Blanchard's nice English songs.'

Mrs. Cusack fussed round, setting everything and everybody to rights. Mr. Blanchard came unwillingly out of the corner, where he had been talking mechanically to the limp

Miss Ocock. Helen had been chatting with the Secretary of the Pastoralist Committee, and now came in from the veranda and sat down to the piano. Mrs. Cusack, in her managing fashion, settled the rest of the party in squatters' chairs, and ordered the gentlemen to smoke. Tregaskiss sulkily approached his wife, and grumbled about 'confounded interference just when people were beginning to enjoy themselves.' Tosti's 'Good-bye' floated out into the fragrant night. Mr. Blanchard had a good voice, and it had been fairly trained, probably among musical sisters at home. Clare used to hear that song in old days, sung by a professional tenor, who had been in love with Gladys Waraker. But Gladys had not cared for the tenor 'unutterably,' as she had phrased her idea of the sacramental passion, and had preferred to make a prudent alliance with rich, elderly Mr. Hilditch. The memory of Gladys set Clare thinking of bygone days—of that phase of her girl-life in which she had dreamed dreams, and which seemed now, in contrast with the crude realities of Australian life, almost like a vividly-remembered fairy-story that sym-

bolized a spirit truth. There was only one person here whom she felt to be in harmony with that sleeping inner self — one who had discerned truth in fairy-tale. It was Geneste.

She was awaked out of her reverie as the song ended. Tregaskiss had gone. Dr. Geneste was beside her.

She had a fancy that he read her thoughts. 'I am going to slip away to my room,' she said. 'I am very tired. Will you explain to Mrs. Cusack; and perhaps——' She looked round. 'I don't see my husband. Perhaps you will tell him, too, and ask him to come to me as soon as he can.'

'Certainly. I hope your foot does not hurt you?'

'No—thank you.'

'You did not sprain it, then?'

'No.' Then she added suddenly: 'There was nothing at all wrong with it. Good-night.'

She held out her hand. He took it. 'Good-night, Mrs. Tregaskiss.'

She passed her husband as she moved along the veranda. He was stumbling

across the ledge of the dining-room window, moving in rather furtive fashion. 'Keith?' She followed him into the room. He turned angrily upon her. Geneste was near enough to hear what passed.

'I'm going to bed, Keith. Will you soon come also?'

'No; why should I? Going to have 'nother dance with—little governess—confoundedly thirsty — I say, where's that stuff?'

He spoke thickly. Geneste admired Mrs. Tregaskiss' tact and self-control. 'I think they've cleared it away. Come; never mind it. If you are thirsty, there's some brandy in the flask in my room, and Claribel will run for cold water from the bag in the veranda.'

'You're telling me lies.' Tregaskiss spoke with half-tipsy solemnity. 'I know what it is—you want to get me off—you're jealous. I've got to have that out with you—jealous of the little governess—I shan't allow any d——d prying and meddling, do you understand?'

Clare said nothing; she did not even look

at him ; it seemed to Geneste that her strange smile scarcely faded, it was always there as if carved in marble. Her whole form braced itself as if stiffened with iron ; she turned her back on him and walked quickly to her own room.

'Good God!' murmured Geneste to himself. 'So that's the trouble.' He kept close to Tregaskiss for the rest of the evening ; played boon companion to him; guarded him from Mrs. Cusack's sallies ; interposed suavely when a bragging speech of Mr. Cusack's threatened to provoke a quarrel ; deferred to Tregaskiss' opinions, silencing him by acquiescence ; sat beside him later when the ladies had gone and the pipes were refilled and the brandy passed round ; and at last convoyed him, cleverly covering the retreat by way of the orange grove, to the doors of Mrs. Tregaskiss' chamber.

Tregaskiss fumbled with the handle, unable to turn it. Then he swore huskily and called to his wife to open. When she did so, he reeled against the wall and hiccoughed an apology. She stood a straight, tragic figure in her white dressing-gown. Not one

word passed her lips. She put out her hand, the thin arm full of nervous force showing from out her loose sleeve, and drew her husband into the room. When she came back to close the window she saw Geneste.

'I thought it best to see him safe,' he said. 'Can I do anything?'

'No, nothing, thank you.'

'You are all right?' he asked anxiously.

'Yes; you are very kind. Please tell me —I hope there was nothing—nothing unpleasant.'

'No, it was not noticeable. We have been together since you left. I saw how it was—the heat, no doubt—and the long drive in the sun.'

'Yes, last year he had a touch of sunstroke; it has been worse since then.'

'Ah, that accounts. Don't fret about it, Mrs. Tregaskiss; let us talk it over to-morrow. I may be able to do something.'

'No, not to-morrow—I am not fit—here—to tell you things. Perhaps when you come to Mount Wombo.'

There was stertorous muttering within, a groping, and the sound of a dull, soft fall.

Tregaskiss, fuddled, had flung himself, dressed, heavily across the bed. The baby was in a cot on the side where his head lay. The big inert creature was already in a state of drunken torpor.

'Can't I get him into his dressing-room?' Geneste said. The coarse, squalid reality of the situation struck him with the grimmest sense of pathos.

'There's no bed there. It doesn't matter.'

'But you — where are you going to sleep?'

'It doesn't matter. I shall lie on the sofa. Please go; I am afraid of baby waking.'

He was reluctant. 'Please go,' she repeated. There was nothing to be done. As he moved away, she said in a very low voice, but clear in its fervour: 'Thank you; I know I can trust you.'

He himself was lodged in the Bachelors' Quarters. He came out again under the pretence of smoking a pipe, and spent the night in the orange grove. A light burned nearly all the time in Mrs. Tregaskiss' room. At last it was put out, and he went away. But

he lay awake till morn, picturing her sitting there in her white dressing-gown watching the sodden sleep of her husband, or else stilling his babe and hers at her breast. It was horrible.

CHAPTER XI.

MOUNT WOMBO.

Mrs. Tregaskiss was at home. The home was typically Australian. Imagine a clearing in a gidia scrub—this, the border of a greater scrub, stretching along at the back and sloping upwards to the low-lying range from which Mount Wombo takes its name: for a very little hill becomes a mountain in these flat lands. The scrub spread down to a plain, shaping itself in ragged slips like an uneven fringe. There was a lagoon at the foot of the hill; round it, a few bigger trees, and some blacks were disporting themselves in the water; not very far from the lagoon stood a rough stockyard, with the inevitable flock of carrion crows, and the sickly growth of 'fat hen' by the milking bails. Further

still, set in the clearing, which had four avenues debouching from it through the gidia scrub, there was a low, zinc-roofed house of sawn planks, the zinc sheets raised a little above an under roof of bark, as was the way in this thirsty land, so that the air might pass between and temper the scorching heat given out on summer days from the glaring iron. Building wood is scarce in the Leura region, for the melancholy gidia scrubs do not provide suitable material, and labour and carriage are dear; thus, shingles, and very often flooring boards, are unknown luxuries. They were so in the greater part of the Tregaskiss house, the floor in most of the rooms being of an earthen cement made from pounded ant-beds—those miniature clay mountains along the tracks which are a feature of the district. The low house had verandas with rough posts and bough-shades covered by passion vine and native cucumber. To the right was a big room perched upon piles, with a veranda all round. Under it, the dairy, a battened-in corner, the rest of the space lying open and used as a shelter for the station buggy, also as a workshop, with

a carpenter's table and saddling tools, and with saddles and harness lying about in process of relining. The upper room had a wooden floor—it was Clare's bedroom; and the veranda, in which were canvas chairs, children's toys, and the sewing-machine in a sheltered angle, was used generally as the family sitting-room. Round the house was a rough sapling fence inclosing a patch of flower-garden, dependent mostly on Clare's ministrations—the Chinaman's garden, where vegetables, water-melons and maize, and the lucerne crop, were grown, being down by the lagoon, and Li Hong not concerning himself about such a frivolous interest as flowers. But there were flowers in the garden nevertheless—petunia and phlox, and verbena and flaming gladiolus, and the flame-coloured begonia; and there, beside a loquat-tree, a Brazilian cherry, and two or three young orange-trees.

At the back stood bark-roofed outhouses—the meat-store, with bullock hides stretched out on the roof to dry, and the store and the kitchen, which had its bough-shade too—these outbuildings, not trim and taut like the

back-premises at Brinda Plains, but slanting, untidy, unfenced ; rank brown grass growing where it would ; the few stunted gidias and sandal-wood left by the clearers showing scant, dried-up foliage, the unlovely corrugated iron roofs sending out a blinding glare. The kangaroo dogs yapped discontentedly ; a couple of black gins—their pickaninnies playing close by—were peeling potatoes in the open and scattering the shavings to a brood of lean fowls. No ; there was nothing poetic, nothing picturesque, about Mrs. Tregaskiss' home.

A fit of repentance and of reactionary good humour had followed Tregaskiss' excess at Brinda Plains. Clare had met the situation stoically, and while their visit lasted ignored the possibility of its having been grasped by the Cusacks. But her humiliation was intense. She showed herself to be not a great woman in her susceptibility to the stabs of wounded pride. To be pitied by the common herd was gall to her, the baring of her secret wounds agony. She avoided Dr. Geneste—he left the next afternoon—but something in her eyes and voice

when she 'hoped that they should see him soon at Mount Wombo,' told him that her confidence was but delayed. She did not resent his knowledge of her trouble, but she bitterly and unreasonably resented what she saw to be Helen's instinctive understanding of it and sympathy with herself. Helen hung on all day to Mrs. Tregaskiss, and longed to tell her of her admiration and how sorry she was for her, and that she despised Keith Tregaskiss, and hated Miss Lawford for having drawn him on to make a fool of himself. Helen was so sad herself just now that it seemed appropriate for her to sympathize with another sad woman. Reflections on Mrs. Tregaskiss' position led her into serious thoughts on marriage in general. She had had one passionate impulse of pique prompting her to engage herself to Harold Gillespie, and thus prove to Dr. Geneste that there was at least another man who valued her. But the impulse did not last. She acknowledged that her Lancelot was not impeccable; he had had no right to play with her, to take her in his arms and let her for an instant believe that he loved her. But at

all events he had been true and frank to her that evening, and his friendship and respect were something still to live for. Better love on even 'in vain,' her nature ennobled by a real emotion, than debase herself to the level of a Miss Lawford. For the moment she spent her contempt and indignation upon the governess and Clare's husband.

In justice, it must be said that Tregaskiss rarely exceeded in such a manner as to make himself conspicuous. He was the kind of drinker who 'nips' all day, but who would angrily disclaim the imputation of being a drunkard. Of course he was not a drunkard. He had had a touch of the sun, and could not stand up to liquor as he used—this was how he put it to himself. And that same touch of the sun made him feel the need of constant stimulant. He ran down; he couldn't manage the long, hot days without some sort of sustainment; his brain needed excitement to keep it going. Life was deadly monotonous on the Leura. The Bank held him too tight to allow of his gambling in mining shares and so forth. Drought and dying cattle might well drive a fellow to

drown his cares. He knew that a glass beyond the justifiable quantity made him irritable; and Clare wasn't half the companion she had once been. Even her ridiculous fancies had been amusing when she had opened out to him; but she never did that now. She had grown dull. Who could ever dream that this silent, stand-off woman had been the brilliant Miss Gardyne of Queen's Gate days? They had been ten years married, and a man, he told himself, got to feel by that time the want of a little variety. It was a mistake to tie one's self up too soon and ruin all one's best years. Well, anyhow, they had jogged along so far, and he supposed they would jog on to the end of the chapter. He'd have a spree down in Sydney or Melbourne as soon as things looked up, and come back to her fresh and good-tempered. The rough had to be taken with the smooth in marriage as well as in Australian squatting; and the rough wasn't all on Clare's side. After all, he had acted heroically in marrying her under the conditions. Poor Clare! she had so generously insisted on this fact in the early days that he

accepted it as no longer a matter of controversy. This was how Tregaskiss argued to himself.

He was down in the workshop now, tinkering at saddles, Ning with him. Every now and then Clare, in the veranda above, caught scraps of their talk.

'Daddy, where's my hammer?'

'Don't know, Ningums.'

'Daddy, a big kangaloo came, and the dogs bited it, and Tommy George held it by the tail, and mine yan budgery quick—I wunned,' corrected Ning. 'Mummy says I mustn't talk blacks' language. And I cried, for the kangaloo was all bloody. And Mummy came and beat the dogs with a whip. Ba'al mine like kangaloos. Daddy, what would you do if the nasty Union men came here? Would you shoot them? And would they be good to eat?'

Tregaskiss' big laugh grated, as it always did, upon his wife. It seemed to her that it was only of late years he had got to laugh like that—since his sunstroke, as she put it. There was something a little vacant in the laugh, although it was consequential, too, and

had in it a note of irritation. That note of irritation was at all times more or less dominant in Tregaskiss' personality.

The click of Clare's sewing-machine, as she went on with her work, drowned Ning's prattle. Presently the queer little figure, in its one garment of summer—a combination overall and knickerbockers of Turkey-red—and with a flapping white sun-bonnet on its head, came out of the workshop and joined Claribel, who was walking with the baby up and down the lower veranda within their mother's sight. At intervals Clare would conscientiously turn her head to see that all was well with the children, and then proceed with her seam; or else she would lean back wearily, and rest for a minute or two before bending once more over the treadle. She was looking very thin and out of health; but she had been taking Geneste's drops, and had not had another fainting-fit since the one at Cedar Hill.

By-and-by Tregaskiss came up by a little outside stair connecting the upper and lower verandas. He was in summer working-garb —a light woollen shirt, open at the neck, the

sleeves rolled above his elbows, moleskin breeches, and a pith hat with a pugaree. Beads of perspiration hung from his fair moustache, and stood out upon his red, brawny chest, as it showed between the folds of his shirt where the collar was unfastened. The leather strap round his waist held his tobacco-pouch, his pistol-holster, watch-pouch, and a large knife. He was smoking a short briar-wood pipe, much blackened.

'I want lunch earlier,' he said. 'I've got to go with rations to the Bore this afternoon. See about it, Clare, will you?'

She got up, and went down the stairs, along the other veranda, and by a short gangway to the kitchen, one of the rough out-humpies with a zinc roof and a bough-shade. Tregaskiss followed her to the head of the stair, and leaned over the balcony railing looking out on the back yard.

Ah Sin, the cook, was coming from the meat-store with a dripping piece of salt beef, which he had just taken from the cask. He showed a fat, smiling, yellow face. Ah Sin was to Mrs. Tregaskiss one of the minor

alleviations of Western life. He was never out of temper.

'Velly well, missee. My makee quick fire. But, my word, missee! Englishee woman no good. That velly lazy. No makee beds this morning; no washee clothes. Altogether, 'Gusta no good.'

If Ah Sin was an alleviation, 'Gusta, the girl from Port Victoria, Mrs. Tregaskiss' only other servant, with the exception of Claribel, the half-caste, was distinctly the reverse. 'Gusta was always dirty, always behind-time, and always doing that which she ought not to do.

'Look here,' called out Tregaskiss: 'I expect there'll be some drovers wanting grub. Those bulls have come at last, and I hear there's a mob of Cyrus Chance's camped down by One Tree. Some of the men will be coming for rations, and I shall turn them off pretty sharp, I can tell you. If this drought lasts, there'll be no end of travelling mobs, and I'm not going to stand it. It's like that beggarly old screw's impudence to camp his cattle and feed them at my expense!'

'Am I to give out all the rations that are

asked for?' Clare said. She was storekeeper in the absence of the new-chums. 'We shall run short of flour if the drays don't come soon.'

'No; if we're short, tell 'em to do without, unless they like to pay double price. It's that d——d Union, I suppose, that's keeping the drays. If any of my men have joined the strikers, by the Lord I'll let 'em have it! Look sharp about lunch!'

No drovers appeared, after all, which was perhaps as well, for when 'Gusta had been hustled through her preparations in the dining-room, largely assisted by her mistress, she had to go off to the neglected beds in the Bachelors' Quarters, and the half-caste nurse waited on husband and wife, and on the new-chum—a shy, uncouth, much-mosquito-bitten youth, the son of a gentleman-farmer in Norfolk, who helped with station accounts, carried rations to fencers, stockmen, and people employed at the Bores, as the Artesian wells were called, and learned what is termed 'colonial experience' in exchange for the privilege of making himself useful. Gilbert Shand was a trial; but Clare was obliged to

own that he might have been more objectionable as a third person breaking upon the conjugal *tête-à-tête*, the second 'knock-about' young man being nearly always away at an out-station. Shand was not talkative, and Tregaskiss' ill-temper he seemed to take as a matter of course, and was at least not officious in sympathy when it placed Clare in an uncomfortable position.

Tregaskiss was particularly surly to-day. Perhaps he was feeling the effects of comparative abstinence—he had refrained just of late from his early morning 'nips.' He ate little, swore at the flies and the heat, growled over the salt beef, abused his wife for not inventing some new way of doing up the eternal salt junk—he was sure that Mrs. Carmody or Mrs. Cusack would have given her recipes—worried his pet grievances—just now the drought and the travelling mobs—as a dog might worry a dry bone. Mr. Shand only aggravated matters by remarking that it had looked like a storm that morning. Had he not learned yet, Tregaskiss snapped, that the rising and passing of early storm-clouds was a certain sign of a long-continued drought?

If it went on much longer, the cattle would be dying by hundreds, starved in the plains, and bogged in the mud of drying water-holes. Mr. Shand added further fuel in the shape of an ingenuous observation that Cyrus Chance was securing himself against losses by selling off as many as possible of his 'store' and fat cattle, and that it was a pity they at Mount Wombo had lost a certain sale not long back through asking too big a price. Tregaskiss was infuriated at the recollection. It was like Cyrus Chance's mean, miserly ways—always taking advantage of his neighbours, and trading on his money with the meat-preserving people, to steal a march on the other Leura squatters, and undersell all who couldn't afford to send large droves to the Southern market. It was through such dirty tricks that old Cyrus had made himself a millionaire —and so on, and so on.

Tregaskiss got so excited in his abuse of Mr. Chance that he did not notice the dogs barking in the yard, or the sound of a step in the back veranda. The doors stood wide open all through the establishment, and visitors had a way of presenting themselves without

unnecessary formalities. Ning, who was seated opposite the door, jumped up with a cry, and drew general attention to a stranger on the threshold—a queer, fusty figure of a man in a light brown alpaca coat frayed at the seams, brown breeches, and an ancient cabbage-tree hat. The man was Cyrus Chance himself. He looked all brown together, for his face was much the shade of his coat, and his little goatee beard was grizzly brown to match. He was very ugly, with small and grotesquely irregular features, smallpox-pitted, shrewd, blinking eyes, and a thin-lipped, cynical, and yet benevolent mouth. His smile betrayed him. In spite of all his endeavours, it refused to contradict many a secret charity which his friends could have discovered in no other way. Cyrus Chance was between sixty and seventy, hale for his age, though naturally frail. One shoulder was a little raised above the other, and he limped—the result of a fall in infancy. On the whole, he gave one the impression of a creature only three-parts human, the other gnome-like. He took off his cabbage-tree hat making an awkward bow to Mrs. Tregaskiss, while he ad-

dressed her husband without looking at him. That was a peculiarity of Mr. Chance's. He avoided meeting the eyes of a person he did not like; the world said in consequence that he was shifty in his dealings, and always on the look-out to get the better of his acquaintances. His voice had an odd accent, something between the Scotch and the Australian.

'Well, Mister Tregaskiss,' he said, 'I'm thinking there's truth in the proverb about listeners never hearing any good of themselves. I'll assure you, sir, that my beasties are close-penned in the sandy pocket by the Crossing, where there's not a blade of grass if they wanted it, poor de'ils! and we're not requiring any rations just now, I'm obliged to you, for I guessed that you'd be asking a good price, and I'd be a poorer man this day if I hadna always taken thought to provide agen contingencies of that sort. It was thinking of Ning that made me bring a wee bag of hominy, for your drays won't be here yet awhile, I'm thinking, Mister Tregaskiss.'

Clare had risen. 'That was very good of you, Mr. Chance,' she said, with heightened colour.

The old man gave her a contorted smile, and patted Ning's head. Tregaskiss had got up, too, and came forward with outstretched hand and manner of noisy, if deprecating, cordiality. 'How are you, my dear sir? Yes, it's the old story of the eavesdropper, eh? Deuced bad luck that you should hit off the moment like that! But you are so confoundedly prosperous that you can make allowance for a hot-headed fellow, down in the mouth and worried to death, so that he's ready to strike out at whatever comes within reach. Just heard of your travelling mob and the sale you've made. By Jove! don't I wish I had the chance! Come along; don't bear us all a grudge for my fit of ill-temper.'

'No, I will not do that, Mister Tregaskiss,' replied the old man rather grimly.

'Sit down, then,' said Tregaskiss, 'and have some grub, though it isn't first-class. I have to be off to the Bore presently, but Clare will look after you.'

'I think I will not accept your hospitality in the way of tucker, Mister Tregaskiss, but I shall be pleased to have a talk with the mistress.'

'What a rum fellow you are! I believe you have made a vow not to break bread in my house. What did you mean by saying that the drays wouldn't be here yet awhile? You've heard no bad news about them, I hope?'

'I've heard there's been a detachment of police sent to Ilganda, and that the strikers are calling the men out everywhere, and threatening to shoot all teams that are on the road. I doubt but it will go hard with Cusack of Brinda, and such of the squatters round as haven't got themselves too well liked among the labour men.'

'I should say I was as popular as any squatter round,' observed Tregaskiss complacently. 'I've always been willing to give every man his due, and what was fair in the way of a nip occasionally. No, I shouldn't care to stand in Cusack's shoes, but I'm pretty safe myself.'

'Well, I don't know that I'd go the length of saying as much as that,' sardonically remarked the millionaire. 'I'd not trust myself to measure any man's due according to his own survey, let alone his grog.'

Tregaskiss gave an appreciatory guffaw at the old man's humour. He had in the meantime poured himself out a glass of spirits, which he drank standing.

'Not bad, Chance—not at all bad. Well, I must be off. Have a nip, won't you? I don't believe all those stories about your being a teetotaler.'

'No, I thank you,' replied Chance, not corroborating nor contradicting the inference.

'Then I'll leave you to the missus. Come along, Shand. I hope you have got the pack ready and the horses in the yard.'

END OF VOL. I.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS

214 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

About (Edmond).—The Fellah: An Egyptian Novel. Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Adams (W. Davenport), Works by.

A Dictionary of the Drama: being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Crown 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d. [*Preparing.*

Quips and Quiddities. Selected by W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Agony Column (The) of 'The Times,' from 1800 to 1870. Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Aidé (Hamilton), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Carr of Carrlyon. | **Confidences.**

Albert (Mary).—Brooke Finchley's Daughter. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Alden (W. L.).—A Lost Soul: Being the Confession and Defence of Charles Lindsay. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Alexander (Mrs.), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Maid, Wife, or Widow? | **Valerie's Fate.**

Allen (F. M.).—Green as Grass. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Allen (Grant), Works by.

The Evolutionist at Large. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Post-Prandial Philosophy. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.

Moorland Idylls. With numerous Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. [*Shortly.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Philistia.
Babylon. 12 Illustrations.
Strange Stories. Frontis.
The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake.
In all Shades.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Tents of Shem. Frontis.
The Great Taboo.
Dumaresq's Daughter.
The Duchess of Powysland
Blood Royal.
Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.
The Scallywag. 24 Illusts.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

At Market Value. | **Under Sealed Orders.** [*Shortly.*

Dr. Palliser's Patient. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Anderson (Mary).—Othello's Occupation: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Arnold (Edwin Lester), Stories by.

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 12 Illustrations by H. M. PAGET, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

The Constable of St. Nicholas. With Frontispiece by S. L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Artemus Ward's Works. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

The Genial Showman: The Life and Adventures of ARTEMUS WARD. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Ashton (John), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
History of the Chap-Books of the 18th Century. With 334 Illustrations.
Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne. With 85 Illustrations.
Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century. With 82 Illustrations.
English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon the First. With 115 Illustrations.
Modern Street Ballads. With 57 Illustrations.

Bacteria, Yeast Fungi, and Allied Species, A Synopsis of. By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Bardsley (Rev. C. Wareing, M.A.), Works by.
English Surnames: Their Sources and Significations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Baring Gould (Sabine, Author of 'John Herring,' &c.), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Red Spider. | **Eve.**

Barr (Robert: Luke Sharp), Stories by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. each.
In a Steamer Chair. With Frontispiece and Vignette by DEMAIN HAMMOND.
From Whose Bourne, &c. With 47 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.
A Woman Intervenes. With 8 Illustrations by HAL HURST. [*Shortly.*
Revenge! With numerous Illustrations. [*Shortly.*

Barrett (Frank), Novels by.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.
Fettered for Life.
The Sin of Olga Zassoulich.
Between Life and Death.
Folly Morrison. | **Honest Davie.**
Little Lady Linton.
A Prodigal's Progress.
John Ford; and His Helpmate.
A Recoiling Vengeance.
Lieut. Barnabas. | **Found Guilty.**
For Love and Honour.

The Woman of the Iron Bracelets. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Barrett (Joan).—Monte Carlo Stories. Fcap. 8vo, cl., 1s. 6d. [*Shortly.*

Beaconsfield, Lord. By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Beauchamp (Shelsley).—Grantley Grange. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Beautiful Pictures by British Artists: A Gathering of Favourites from the Picture Galleries, engraved on Steel. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 21s.

Besant (Sir Walter) and James Rice, Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
My Little Girl.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan.
The Golden Butterfly.
The Monks of Thelema.
By Celia's Arbour.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.
The Seamy Side.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft, &c.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, &c.
The Ten Years' Tenant, &c.
*** There is also a LIBRARY EDITION of the above Twelve Volumes, handsomely set in new type on a large crown 8vo page, and bound in cloth extra, 6s. each; and a POPULAR EDITION of **The Golden Butterfly,** medium 8vo, 6d.; cloth, 1s.—NEW EDITIONS, printed in large type on crown 8vo laid paper, bound in figured cloth, 3s. 6d. each, are also in course of publication.

Besant (Sir Walter), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men. With 12 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD
The Captains' Room, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.
All in a Garden Fair. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.
Dorothy Forster. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.
Uncle Jack, and other Stories.
Children of Gibeon.
The World Went Very Well Then. With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
Herr Paulus: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.
The Bell of St. Paul's.
For Faith and Freedom. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.
To Call Her Mine, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
The Holy Rose, &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.
Armorel of Lyonesse: A Romance of To-day. With 12 Illustrations by F. BARNARD.
St. Katherine's by the Tower. With 12 Illustrations by C. GREEN.
Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, &c. With a Frontispiece by GORDON BROWNE.
The Ivory Gate.
The Rebel Queen.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
In Deacon's Orders, &c. With Frontispiece by A. FORESTIER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
The Master Craftsman. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 10s. net. [*Shortly*

Fifty Years Ago. With 144 Plates and Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
London. With 125 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Westminster. With Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, R.P.E., and 130 Illustrations by WILLIAM PATTEN and others. Demy 8vo, cloth, 18s.
Sir Richard Whittington. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.
Gaspard de Coligny. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, art linen, 3s. 6d.
As we Are: As we May Be: Social Essays. Crown 8vo, linen, 6s. [*Shortly.*

Bechstein (Ludwig).—As Pretty as Seven, and other German Stories. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.* 6*d.*; gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Beerbohm (Julius).—Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich-Hunters. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bellew (Frank).—The Art of Amusing: A Collection of Graceful Arts, Games, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Bennett (W. C., LL.D.).—Songs for Sailors. Post 8vo, cl. limp, 2*s.*

Bewick (Thomas) and his Pupils. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Bierce (Ambrose).—In the Midst of Life: Tales of Soldiers and Civilians. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*

Bill Nye's History of the United States. With 146 Illustrations by F. OPPER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Biré (Edmond).—Diary of a Citizen of Paris during 'The Terror.' Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 21*s.* [*Shortly.*

Blackburn's (Henry) Art Handbooks.

Academy Notes, 1875, 1877-86, 1889, 1890, 1892-1895, Illustrated, each 1*s.*
Academy Notes, 1875-79. Complete in One Vol., with 600 Illustrations. Cloth, 6*s.*
Academy Notes, 1880-84. Complete in One Vol., with 700 Illustrations. Cloth, 6*s.*
Academy Notes, 1890-94. Complete in One Vol., with 800 Illustrations. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Grosvenor Notes, 1877. 6*d.*
Grosvenor Notes, separate years from **1878-1890,** each 1*s.*
Grosvenor Notes, Vol. I., **1877-82.** With 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*
Grosvenor Notes, Vol. II., **1883-87.** With 300 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*
Grosvenor Notes, Vol. III., **1888-90.** With 230 Illustrations. Demy 8vo cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
The New Gallery, 1888-1895. With numerous Illustrations, each 1*s.*
The New Gallery, Vol. I., **1888-1892.** With 250 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*
English Pictures at the National Gallery. With 114 Illustrations. 1*s.*
Old Masters at the National Gallery. With 128 Illustrations. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Illustrated Catalogue to the National Gallery. With 242 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3*s.*
The Paris Salon, 1895. With 300 Facsimile Sketches. 3*s.*

Blind (Mathilde), Poems by.

The Ascent of Man. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*
Dramas in Miniature. With a Frontispiece by F. MADOX BROWN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*
Songs and Sonnets. Fcap. 8vo, vellum and gold, 5*s.*
Birds of Passage: Songs of the Orient and Occident. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, linen, 6*s.* net.

Bourget (Paul).—Lies. Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.* [*Shortly.*

Bourne (H. R. Fox), Books by.

English Merchants: Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 25*s.*
The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Bowers (George).—Leaves from a Hunting Journal. Coloured Plates. Oblong folio, half-bound, 21*s.*

Boyle (Frederick), Works by. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2*s.* each.
Chronicles of No-Man's Land. | **Camp Notes.** | **Savage Life.**

Brand (John).—Observations on Popular Antiquities; chiefly illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of Sir HENRY ELLIS, and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Brewer (Rev. Dr.), Works by.

The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. Seventeenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Authors and their Works, with the Dates: Being the Appendices to 'The Reader's Handbook,' separately printed. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.*
A Dictionary of Miracles. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Brewster (Sir David), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.* each.
More Worlds than One: Creed of the Philosopher and Hope of the Christian. With Plates.
The Martyrs of Science: GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, and KEPLER. With Portraits.
Letters on Natural Magic. With numerous Illustrations.

Brillat-Savarin.—Gastronomy as a Fine Art. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2*s.*

Brydges (Harold).—Uncle Sam at Home. With 91 Illustrations. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Buchanan (Robert), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

Selected Poems of Robert Buchanan. With Frontispiece by T. DALZIEL.
The Earthquake; or, Six Days and a Sabbath.
The City of Dream: An Epic Poem. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB.
The Wandering Jew: A Christmas Carol.

The Outcast: A Rhyme for the Time. With 15 Illustrations by RUDOLF BLIND, PETER MACNAB, and HUME NISBET. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.
Robert Buchanan's Poetical Works. With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature. With Frontispiece.
God and the Man. With 11 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
The Martyrdom of Madeline. With Frontispiece by A. W. COOPER.
Love Me for Ever. With Frontispiece.
Annan Water. | **Foxglove Manor.**
The New Abelard.
Matt: A Story of a Caravan. With Frontispiece.
The Master of the Mine. With Frontispiece
The Heir of Linne.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Woman and the Man. | **Red and White Heather.** | **Rachel Dene.**

Lady Kilpatrick. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

The Charlatan. By ROBERT BUCHANAN and HENRY MURRAY. With a Frontispiece by T. H. ROBINSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [*Shortly.*

Burton (Richard F.).—The Book of the Sword. With over 400 Illustrations. Demy 4to, cloth extra, 32s.

Burton (Robert).—The Anatomy of Melancholy. With Translations of the Quotations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Melancholy Anatomised: An Abridgment of BURTON'S ANATOMY. Post 8vo, half-bd., 2s. 6d.

Caine (T. Hall), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

The Shadow of a Crime. | **A Son of Hagar.** | **The Deemster.**

A LIBRARY EDITION of **The Deemster** is now ready; and one of **The Shadow of a Crime** is in preparation, set in new type, crown 8vo, cloth decorated, 6s. each.

Cameron (Commander V. Lovett).—The Cruise of the 'Black Prince' Privateer. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Cameron (Mrs. H. Lovett), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. bds. 2s. ea.

Juliet's Guardian. | **Deceivers Ever.**

Carlyle (Jane Welsh), Life of. By Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Carlyle (Thomas).—On the Choice of Books. Post 8vo, cl., 1s. 6d.

Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and R. W. Emerson, 1834-1872. Edited by C. E. NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 24s.

Carruth (Hayden).—The Adventures of Jones. With 17 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s.

Chambers (Robert W.), Stories of Paris Life by. Long fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

The King in Yellow. | **In the Quarter.**

Chapman's (George), Works. Vol. I., Plays Complete, including the Doubtful Ones.—Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE.—Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Chapple (J. Mitchell).—The Minor Chord: The Story of a Prima Donna. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Chatto (W. A.) and J. Jackson.—A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical. With Chapter by H. G. BOHN, and 450 fine Illusts. Large 4to, half-leather, 28s.

Chaucer for Children: A Golden Key. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Crown 4to, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Chaucer for Schools. By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Chess, The Laws and Practice of. With an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by R. B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

The Minor Tactics of Chess: A Treatise on the Deployment of the Forces in obedience to Strategic Principle. By F. K. YOUNG and E. C. HOWELL. Long fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
The Hastings Chess Tournament Book (Aug.-Sept., 1895). Containing the Official Report of the 231 Games played in the Tournament, with Notes by the Players, and Diagrams of Interesting Positions; Portraits and Biographical Sketches of the Chess Masters; and an Account of the Congress and its surroundings. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. net. [*Shortly.*

Clare (Austin).—For the Love of a Lass. Post 8vo, 2s.; cl., 2s. 6d.

Clive (Mrs. Archer), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.
Paul Ferroll. | Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

Clodd (Edward, F.R.A.S.).—Myths and Dreams. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Cobban (J. Maclaren), Novels by.
The Cure of Souls. Post 8vo, Illustrated boards, 2s.
The Red Sultan. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
The Burden of Isabel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Coleman (John).—Players and Playwrights I have Known. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 24s.

Coleridge (M. E.).—The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Collins (C. Allston).—The Bar Sinister. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Collins (John Churton, M.A.), Books by.
Illustrations of Tennyson. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Jonathan Swift: A Biographical and Critical Study. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Collins (Mortimer and Frances), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
From Midnight to Midnight. | **Blacksmith and Scholar.**
Transmigration. | **You Play me False.** | **A Village Comedy.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Sweet Anne Page. | **A Fight with Fortune.** | **Sweet and Twenty.** | **Frances.**

Collins (Wilkie), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Antonina. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
Basil. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
Hide and Seek. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
After Dark. With Illustrations by A. B. HOUGHTON. | **The Two Destinies.**
The Dead Secret. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
Queen of Hearts. With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
The Woman in White. With Illustrations by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and F. A. FRASER.
No Name. With Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., and A. W. COOPER.
My Miscellanies. With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.
Armadale. With Illustrations by G. H. THOMAS.
The Moonstone. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
Man and Wife. With Illustrations by WILLIAM SMALL.
Poor Miss Finch. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
Miss or Mrs.? With Illustrations by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
The New Magdalen. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.
The Frozen Deep. Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
The Law and the Lady. With Illustrations by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and SYDNEY HALL.
The Haunted Hotel. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
The Fallen Leaves. | **Heart and Science.** | **The Evil Genius.**
Jezebel's Daughter. | **'I Say No.'** | **Little Novels.** Frontis.
The Black Robe. | **A Rogue's Life.** | **The Legacy of Cain.**
Blind Love. With a Preface by Sir WALTER BESANT, and Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

POPULAR EDITIONS. Medium 8vo, 6d. each; cloth, 1s. each.
The Woman in White. | **The Moonstone.**

Colman's (George) Humorous Works: 'Broad Grins,' 'My Nightgown and Slippers,' &c. With Life and Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Colquhoun (M. J.).—Every Inch a Soldier. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Colt-breaking, Hints on. By W. M. HUTCHISON. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Convalescent Cookery. By CATHERINE RYAN. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

Conway (Moncure D.), Works by.
Demonology and Devil-Lore. With 65 Illustrations. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 28s.
George Washington's Rules of Civility. Fcap. 8vo, Japanese vellum, 2s. 6d.

Cook (Dutton), Novels by.
Paul Foster's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Leo. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Cooper (Edward H.).—Geoffory Hamilton. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Cornwall.—Popular Romances of the West of England; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. With two Steel Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Cotes (V. Cecil).—Two Girls on a Barge. With 44 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Craddock (C. Egbert), Stories by.
The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
His Vanished Star. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Crellin (H. N.) Books by.
Romances of the Old Seraglio. With 28 Illustrations by S. L. WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Tales of the Caliph. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.
The Nazarenes: A Drama. Crown 8vo, 1s.

Crim (Matt.).—Adventures of a Fair Rebel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with a Frontispiece by DAN. BEARD. 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Crockett (S. R.) and others.—Tales of Our Coast. By S. R. CROCKETT, GILBERT PARKER, HAROLD FREDERIC, 'Q.,' and W. CLARK RUSSELL. With 12 Illustrations by FRANK BRANGWYN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [*Shortly.*

Croker (Mrs. B. M.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Pretty Miss Neville. | **Diana Barrington.** | **A Family Likeness.**
A Bird of Passage. | **Proper Pride.** | **'To Let.'**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
Village Tales and Jungle Tragedies.
Mr. Jervis. | **The Real Lady Hilda.** [*Shortly.*

Married or Single? Three Vols., crown 8vo, 15s. net.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack. Complete in Two SERIES: The FIRST, from 1835 to 1843; the SECOND, from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the Best Humour of THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. each.
The Life of George Cruikshank. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Cumming (C. F. Gordon), Works by. Demy 8vo, cl. ex., 8s. 6d. ea.
In the Hebrides. With an Autotype Frontispiece and 23 Illustrations.
In the Himalayas and on the Indian Plains. With 42 Illustrations.
Two Happy Years in Ceylon. With 28 Illustrations.

Via Cornwall to Egypt. With a Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Cussans (John E.).—A Handbook of Heraldry; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. Fourth Edition, revised, with 408 Woodcuts and 2 Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Cyples (W.).—Hearts of Gold. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, bds., 2s.

Daniel (George).—Merrie England in the Olden Time. With Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Daudet (Alphonse).—The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Davenant (Francis, M.A.).—Hints for Parents on the Choice of a Profession for their Sons when **Starting in Life.** Crown 8vo, 1s.: cloth, 1s. 6d.

Davidson (Hugh Coleman).—Mr. Sadler's Daughters. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Davies (Dr. N. E. Yorke-), Works by. Cr. 8vo, 1s. ea.; cl., 1s. 6d. ea.
One Thousand Medical Maxims and Surgical Hints.
Nursery Hints: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.
Foods for the Fat: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.

Aids to Long Life. Crown 8vo, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Collected and Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 12s.

Dawson (Erasmus, M.B.).—The Fountain of Youth. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

De Guerin (Maurice), The Journal of. Edited by G. S. TREBUTIEN. With a Memoir by SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the 20th French Edition by JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM. Fcap. 8vo, half-bound, 2s. 6d.

De Maistre (Xavier).—A Journey Round my Room. Translated by Sir HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

De Mille (James).—A Castle in Spain. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with a Frontispiece, 3s. 6d.: post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Derby (The): The Blue Ribbon of the Turf. With Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Derwent (Leith), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3*s.* 6*d.* ea.; post 8vo, 2*s.* ea.
Our Lady of Tears. | **Circe's Lovers.**

Dewar (T. R.).—A Ramble Round the Globe. With 220 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dickens (Charles), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each.
Sketches by Boz. | **Nicholas Nickleby.** | **Oliver Twist.**

About England with Dickens. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dictionaries.
A Dictionary of Miracles: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Reader's Handbook of Allusions, References, Plots, and Stories. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Authors and their Works, with the Dates. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.*
Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. With Historical and Explanatory Notes by SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Slang Dictionary: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.*
Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Diderot.—The Paradox of Acting. Translated, with Notes, by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With Preface by Sir HENRY IRVING. Crown 8vo, parchment, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Dobson (Austin), Works by.
Thomas Bewick and his Pupils. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*
Four Frenchwomen. With Four Portraits. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6*s.*
Eighteenth Century Vignettes. TWO SERIES. Crown 8vo, buckram, 6*s.* each.—A THIRD SERIES is in preparation.

Dobson (W. T.).—Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Donovan (Dick), Detective Stories by.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Man-Hunter. | **Wanted.**
Caught at Last.
Tracked and Taken.
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
Suspicion Aroused.
A Detective's Triumphs.
In the Grip of the Law.
From Information Received.
Link by Link. | **Dark Deeds.**
The Long Arm of the Law. [*Shortly.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each: post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.
The Man from Manchester. With 23 Illustrations.
Tracked to Doom. With Six full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.

The Mystery of Jamaica Terrace. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Shortly.*

Doyle (A. Conan).—The Firm of Girdlestone. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dramatists, The Old. Crown 8vo, cl. ex., with Portraits, 6*s.* per Vol.
Ben Jonson's Works. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.
Chapman's Works. Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.
Marlowe's Works. Edited, with Notes, by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.
Massinger's Plays. From GIFFORD'S Text. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

Duncan (Sara Jeannette: Mrs. EVERARD COTES), Works by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
A Social Departure. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
An American Girl in London. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.
The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib. With 37 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
A Daughter of To-Day. | **Vernon's Aunt.** With 47 Illustrations by HAL HURST.

Dyer (T. F. Thiselton).—The Folk-Lore of Plants. Cr. 8vo, cl., 6*s.*

Early English Poets. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6*s.* per Volume.
Fletcher's (Giles) Complete Poems. One Vol.
Davies' (Sir John) Complete Poetical Works. Two Vols.
Herrick's (Robert) Complete Collected Poems. Three Vols.
Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works. Three Vols.

Edgcumbe (Sir E. R. Pearce).—Zephyrus: A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Edison, The Life and Inventions of Thomas A. By W. K. L. and ANTONIA DICKSON. With 200 Illustrations by R. F. OUTCALT, &c. Demy 4to, cloth gilt, 18*s.*

Edwardes (Mrs. Annie), Novels by.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Archie Lovell. | **A Point of Honour.**

Edwards (Eliezer).—Words, Facts, and Phrases: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Edwards (M. Betham-), Novels by.
Kitty. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d. | **Felicia.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Egerton (Rev. J. C., M.A.). — Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. H. WACE, and Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Eggleston (Edward).—Roxy: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Englishman's House, The: A Practical Guide for Selecting or Building a House. By C. J. RICHARDSON. Coloured Frontispiece and 534 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

Ewald (Alex. Charles, F.S.A.), Works by.
The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart, Count of Albany (THE YOUNG PRETENDER). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Stories from the State Papers. With Autotype Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Eyes, Our: How to Preserve Them. By JOHN BROWNING. Cr. 8vo, 1s.

Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Faraday (Michael), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d. each.
The Chemical History of a Candle: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.
On the Various Forces of Nature, and their Relations to each other. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

Farrer (J. Anson), Works by.
Military Manners and Customs. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
War: Three Essays, reprinted from 'Military Manners and Customs.' Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Fenn (G. Manville), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The New Mistress. | **Witness to the Deed.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
The Tiger Lily: A Tale of Two Passions. | **The White Virgin.**

Fin-Bec.—The Cupboard Papers: Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Fireworks, The Complete Art of Making; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

First Book, My. By WALTER BESANT, JAMES PAYN, W. CLARK RUSSELL, GRANT ALLEN, HALL CAINE, GEORGE R. SIMS, RUDYARD KIPLING, A. CONAN DOYLE, M. E. BRADDON, F. W. ROBINSON, H. RIDER HAGGARD, R. M. BALLANTYNE, I. ZANGWILL, MORLEY ROBERTS, D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, MARY CORELLI, J. K. JEROME, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, BRET HARTE, 'Q.,' ROBERT BUCHANAN, and R. L. STEVENSON. With a Prefatory Story by JEROME K. JEROME, and 185 Illustrations. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Fitzgerald (Percy), Works by.
The World Behind the Scenes. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Little Essays: Passages from the Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
A Day's Tour: A Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches. Crown 4to, 1s.
Fatal Zero. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Bella Donna. | **The Lady of Brantome.** | **The Second Mrs. Tillotson.**
Polly. | **Never Forgotten.** | **Seventy-five Brooke Street.**

The Life of James Boswell (of Auchinleck). With Illusts. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 24s.
The Savoy Opera. With 60 Illustrations and Portraits. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Sir Henry Irving: Twenty Years at the Lyceum. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Flammarion (Camille), Works by.
Popular Astronomy: A General Description of the Heavens. Translated by J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S. With Three Plates and 288 Illustrations. Medium 8vo, cloth, 16s.
Urania: A Romance. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Fletcher's (Giles, B.D.) Complete Poems: Christ's Victorie in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

Fonblanque (Albany).—Filthy Lucre. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Francillon (R. E.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

One by One. | **A Real Queen.** | **King or Knave.**
Ropes of Sand. Illustrated. | **A Dog and his Shadow.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Queen Cophetua. | **Olympia.** | **Romances of the Law.**

Jack Doyle's Daughter. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Esther's Glove. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.

Frederic (Harold), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.

Seth's Brother's Wife. | **The Lawton Girl.**

French Literature, A History of. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, 7s. 6d. each.

Friswell (Hain).—One of Two: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Frost (Thomas), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Circus Life and Circus Celebrities. | **Lives of the Conjurers.**
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs.

Fry's (Herbert) Royal Guide to the London Charities. Edited by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Gardening Books. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth limp, 1s. 6d. each.

A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse. By GEORGE GLENNY.
Household Horticulture. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.
The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.

My Garden Wild. By FRANCIS G. HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Gardner (Mrs. Alan).—Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots: Being the Narrative of a Winter's Travel and Sport in Northern India. With numerous Illustrations by the Author and F. H. TOWNSEND. Demy 4to, half-bound, 21s.

Garrett (Edward).—The Capel Girls: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with two Illustrations, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Gaulot (Paul).—The Red Shirts: A Story of the Revolution. Translated by JOHN DE VILLIERS. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Gentleman's Magazine, The. 1s. Monthly. Contains Stories, Articles upon Literature, Science, Biography, and Art, and **'Table Talk'** by SYLVANUS URBAN.
*** Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock, 8s. 6d. each. Cases for binding, 2s.*

Gentleman's Annual, The. Published Annually in November. 1s.

German Popular Stories. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Gibbon (Charles), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Robin Gray. Frontispiece. | **The Golden Shaft.** Frontispiece. | **Loving a Dream.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Flower of the Forest.
The Dead Heart.
For Lack of Gold.
What Will the World Say?
For the King. | **A Hard Knot.**
Queen of the Meadow.
In Pastures Green.
In Love and War.
A Heart's Problem.
By Mead and Stream.
The Braes of Yarrow.
Fancy Free. | **Of High Degree.**
In Honour Bound.
Heart's Delight. | **Blood-Money.**

Gibney (Somerville).—Sentenced! Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Gilbert (W. S.), Original Plays by. In Three Series, 2s. 6d. each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S. 'Pinafore'—The Sorcerer—The Pirates of Penzance.

The THIRD SERIES: Comedy and Tragedy—Foggerty's Fairy—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Ruddigore—The Yeomen of the Guard—The Gondoliers—The Mountebanks—Utopia.

Eight Original Comic Operas written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S. 'Pinafore'—The Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Birthday Book: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, selected from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON. Royal 16mo, Japanese leather, 2s. 6d.

Gilbert (William), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s. each.
Dr. Austin's Guests. | **James Duke, Costermonger.**
The Wizard of the Mountain.

Glanville (Ernest), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Lost Heiress: A Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure. With Two Illustrations by H. NISBET.
The Fossicker: A Romance of Mashonaland. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.
A Fair Colonist. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY WOOD.

The Golden Rock. With a Frontis. by STANLEY WOOD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Glenny (George).—A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse: Practical Advice as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. Post 8vo, 1s.; cl. lp., 1s. 6d.

Godwin (William).—Lives of the Necromancers. Post 8vo, cl., 2s.

Golden Treasury of Thought, The: An Encyclopædia of QUOTATIONS. Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

Gontaut, Memoirs of the Duchesse de (Gouvernante to the Children of France), 1773-1836. With Two Photogravures. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

Goodman (E. J.).—The Fate of Herbert Wayne. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Graham (Leonard).—The Professor's Wife: A Story. Fcp. 8vo, 1s.

Greeks and Romans, The Life of the, described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Greenwood (James), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
The Wilds of London. | **Low-Life Deeps.**

Greville (Henry), Novels by.
Nikanor. Translated by ELIZA E. CHASE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
A Noble Woman. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Griffith (Cecil).—Corinthia Marazion: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Grundy (Sydney).—The Days of his Vanity: A Passage in the Life of a Young Man. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Habberton (John, Author of 'Helen's Babies'), **Novels by.**
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Brueton's Bayou. | **Country Luck.**

Hair, The: Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Hake (Dr. Thomas Gordon), Poems by. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., 6s. each.
New Symbols. | **Legends of the Morrow.** | **The Serpent Play.**
Maiden Ecstasy. Small 4to, cloth extra, 8s.

Hall (Owen).—The Track of a Storm. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Hall (Mrs. S. C.).—Sketches of Irish Character. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Halliday (Andrew).—Every-day Papers. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Handwriting, The Philosophy of. With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Hanky-Panky: Easy and Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Hardy (Lady Duffus).—Paul Wynter's Sacrifice. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.

Hardy (Thomas).—Under the Greenwood Tree. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with Portrait and 15 Illustrations, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Harper (Charles G.), Works by. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 16s. each.
The Brighton Road. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 90 Illustrations.
From Paddington to Penzance: The Record of a Summer Tramp. With 105 Illustrations.

Harwood (J. Berwick).—The Tenth Earl. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Harte's (Bret) Collected Works. Revised by the Author. LIBRARY EDITION, in Eight Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel-plate Portrait.
" II. THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGENDS.
" III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.
" IV. GABRIEL CONROY. | Vol. V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS, &c.
" VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.
" VII. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE—II. With Portrait by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
" VIII. TALES OF THE PINE AND THE CYPRESS.

The Select Works of Bret Harte, in Prose and Poetry. With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW, Portrait of the Author, and 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Bret Harte's Poetical Works. Printed on hand-made paper. Crown 8vo, buckram, 4s. 6d.

The Queen of the Pirate Isle. With 28 Original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, reproduced in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Small 4to, cloth, 5s.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s. each.

A Waif of the Plains. With 60 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
A Ward of the Golden Gate. With 59 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

A Sappho of Green Springs, &c. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.
Colonel Starbottle's Client, and Some Other People. With a Frontispiece.
Susy: A Novel. With Frontispiece and Vignette by J. A. CHRISTIE.
Sally Dows, &c. With 47 Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND and others.
A Protegee of Jack Hamlin's. With 26 Illustrations by W. SMALL and others.
The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, &c. With 39 Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY and others.
Clarence: A Story of the American War. With Eight Illustrations by A. JULE GOODMAN.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Gabriel Conroy. | **The Luck of Roaring Camp, &c.**
An Heiress of Red Dog, &c. | **Californian Stories.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

Flip. | **Maruja.** | **A Phyllis of the Sierras.**

Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. each.

Snow-Bound at Eagle's. | **Jeff Briggs's Love Story.**

Haweis (Mrs. H. R.), Works by.

The Art of Beauty. With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth bds., 6s.
The Art of Decoration. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations. Sq. 8vo, cloth bds., 6s.
The Art of Dress. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
Chaucer for Schools. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
Chaucer for Children. With 38 Illustrations (8 Coloured). Crown 4to, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Haweis (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—American Humorists: WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hawthorne (Julian), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each

Garth. | **Ellice Quentin.**
Sebastian Strome.
Fortune's Fool. | **Dust.** Four Illusts.

post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Beatrix Randolph. With Four Illusts.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Miss Cadogna. | **Love—or a Name.**

Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, 1s.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel).—Our Old Home. Annotated with Passages from the Author's Note-books, and Illustrated with 31 Photogravures. Two Vols., cr. 8vo, 15s.

Heath (Francis George).—My Garden Wild, and What I Grew There. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, 6s.

Helps (Sir Arthur), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Animals and their Masters. | **Social Pressure.**

Ivan de Biron: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Henderson (Isaac).—Agatha Page: A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d.

Henty (G. A.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Rujub the Juggler. With Eight Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
Dorothy's Double.

Herman (Henry).—A Leading Lady. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.; cl., 2s. 6d.

Herrick's (Robert) Hesperides, Noble Numbers, and Complete Collected Poems. With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D., Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, 18s.

Hertzka (Dr. Theodor).—Freeland: A Social Anticipation. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hesse-Wartegg (Chevalier Ernst von).—Tunis: The Land and the People. With 22 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hill (Headon).—Zambra the Detective. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.; cl., 2s. 6d.

Hill (John), Works by.
Treason-Felony. Post 8vo, boards, 2s. | **The Common Ancestor.** Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Hindley (Charles), Works by.
Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings: Including Reminiscences connected with Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
The Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hodges (Sydney).—When Leaves were Green. 3 vols., 15s. net. [*Shortly.*

Hoey (Mrs. Cashel).—The Lover's Creed. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Hollingshead (John).—Niagara Spray. Crown 8vo, 1s.

Holmes (Gordon, M.D.)—The Science of Voice Production and Voice Preservation. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Holmes (Oliver Wendell), Works by.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.—Another Edition, post 8vo, cloth, 2s.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and **The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.** In One Vol. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Hood's (Thomas) Choice Works in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
Hood's Whims and Oddities. With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Hood (Tom).—From Nowhere to the North Pole: A Noah's Arkæological Narrative. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Hook's (Theodore) Choice Humorous Works; including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Hooper (Mrs. Geo.).—The House of Raby. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Hopkins (Tighe).—'Twixt Love and Duty.' Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Horne (R. Hengist).—Orion: An Epic Poem. With Photograph Portrait by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s.

Hungerford (Mrs., Author of 'Molly Bawn'), Novels by.
Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
A Maiden All Forlorn. | **In Durance Vile.** | **A Mental Struggle.**
Marvel. | **A Modern Circe.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
The Red-House Mystery. | **The Three Graces.** With 6 Illusts. [*Shortly.*

Lady Verner's Flight. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
The Professor's Experiment. Three Vols., crown 8vo, 15s. net.

Hunt's (Leigh) Essays: A Tale for a Chimney Corner, &c. Edited by EDMUND OLLIER. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Hunt (Mrs. Alfred), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Leaden Casket. | **Self-Condemned.** | **That Other Person.**

Thornicroft's Model. Post 8vo, boards, 2s. | **Mrs. Juliet.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hutchison (W. M.).—Hints on Colt-breaking. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Hydrophobia: An Account of M. PASTEUR's System; The Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Hyne (C. J. Cutcliffe).—Honour of Thieves. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Idler (The): An Illustrated Magazine. Edited by J. K. JEROME. 6d. Monthly. The First SEVEN VOLS. are now ready, cloth extra, 5s. each; Cases for Binding, 1s. 6d. each.

Impressions (The) of Aureole. Crown 8vo, printed on blush-rose paper and handsomely bound, 6s.

Indoor Paupers. By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Ingelow (Jean).—Fated to be Free. Post 8vo, illustrated bds., 2s.

Innkeeper's Handbook (The) and Licensed Victualler's Manual. By J. TREVOR-DAVIES. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Irish Wit and Humour, Songs of. Collected and Edited by A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Irving (Sir Henry): A Record of over Twenty Years at the Lyceum. By PERCY FITZGERALD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

James (C. T. C.). — A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. Post 8vo, picture cover, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Jameson (William).—My Dead Self. Post 8vo, bds., 2s.; cl., 2s. 6d.

Japp (Alex. H., LL.D.).—Dramatic Pictures, &c. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

Jay (Harriett), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Dark Colleen. | **The Queen of Connaught.**

Jefferies (Richard), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Nature near London. | **The Life of the Fields.** | **The Open Air.**
*** Also the HAND-MADE PAPER EDITION, crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s. each.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Sir WALTER BESANT. With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Jennings (Henry J.), Works by.
Curiosities of Criticism. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch. With Portrait. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Jerome (Jerome K.), Books by.
Stageland. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Fcap. 4to, picture cover, 1s.
John Ingerfield, &c. With 9 Illusts. by A. S. BOYD and JOHN GULICH. Fcap. 8vo, pic. cov. 1s. 6d.
The Prude's Progress: A Comedy by J. K. JEROME and EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Cr. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Jerrold (Douglas).—The Barber's Chair; and The Hedgehog Letters. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2s.

Jerrold (Tom), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. ea.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d. ea.
The Garden that Paid the Rent.
Household Horticulture: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.

Jesse (Edward).—Scenes and Occupations of a Country Life. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Jones (William, F.S.A.), Works by. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d. ea.
Finger-Ring Lore: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With nearly 300 Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.
Credulities, Past and Present. Including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals, Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With Frontispiece.
Crowns and Coronations: A History of Regalia. With 100 Illustrations.

Jonson's (Ben) Works. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. each.

Josephus, The Complete Works of. Translated by WHISTON. Containing 'The Antiquities of the Jews' and 'The Wars of the Jews.' With 52 Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, 12s. 6d.

Kempt (Robert).—Pencil and Palette: Chapters on Art and Artists. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Kershaw (Mark). — Colonial Facts and Fictions: Humorous Sketches. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Keyser (Arthur).—Cut by the Mess. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

King (R. Ashe), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea.; post 8vo, bds., 2s. ea.
A Drawn Game. | **'The Wearing of the Green.'**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Passion's Slave. | **Bell Barry.**

Knight (William, M.R.C.S., and Edward, L.R.C.P.). — The Patient's Vade Mecum: How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

Knights (The) of the Lion: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Edited, with an Introduction, by the MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Lamb's (Charles) Complete Works in Prose and Verse, including 'Poetry for Children' and 'Prince Dorus.' Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of the 'Essay on Roast Pig.' Crown 8vo, half-bd., 7s. 6d.
The Essays of Elia. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2s.
Little Essays: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Landor (Walter Savage).—Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare, &c., before Sir Thomas Lucy, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, **A Conference of Master Edmund Spenser** with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d.

Lane (Edward William).—The Thousand and One Nights, commonly called in England **The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.** Translated from the Arabic, with Notes. Illustrated with many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. ea.

Larwood (Jacob), Works by.
The Story of the London Parks. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. Post 8vo, laid paper, half-bound, 2s.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Forensic Anecdotes. | **Theatrical Anecdotes.**

Lehmann (R. C.), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.
Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.
Conversational Hints for Young Shooters: A Guide to Polite Talk.

Leigh (Henry S.), Works by.
Carols of Cockayne. Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, 5s.
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Lepelletier (Edmond). — Madame Sans-Gêne. Translated from the French by JOHN DE VILLIERS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Leys (John).—The Lindsays: A Romance. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Lindsay (Harry).—Rhoda Roberts: A Welsh Mining Story. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Linton (E. Lynn), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.
Witch Stories. | **Ourselves:** Essays on Women.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Patricia Kemball. | **Ione.**
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost. With 12 Illusts.
Under which Lord? With 12 Illustrations.
'My Love!' | **Sowing the Wind.**
Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s each.
The Rebel of the Family. | **With a Silken Thread.**

The One Too Many. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Dulcie Everton. Two Vols., crown 8vo, 10s. net. [*Shortly.*

Freeshooting: Extracts from the Works of Mrs. LYNN LINTON. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Lucy (Henry W.).—Gideon Fleyce: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Macalpine (Avery), Novels by.
Teresa Itasca. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 1s.
Broken Wings. With Six Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

MacColl (Hugh), Novels by.
Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Ednor Whitlock. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Macdonell (Agnes).—Quaker Cousins. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

MacGregor (Robert).—Pastimes and Players: Notes on Popular Games. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Mackay (Charles, LL.D.). — Interludes and Undertones; or, Music at Twilight. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

McCarthy (Justin, M.P.), Works by.

A History of Our Own Times. from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12*s.* each.—Also a POPULAR EDITION, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.* each.—And the JUBILEE EDITION, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
A Short History of Our Own Times. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*—Also a CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*
A History of the Four Georges. Four Vols., demy 8vo, cl. ex., 12*s.* each. [Vols. I. & II. *ready.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Linley Rochford.
Dear Lady Disdain.
Miss Misanthrope. With 12 Illustrations.
Donna Quixote. With 12 Illustrations.
The Comet of a Season.
Maid of Athens. With 12 Illustrations.
Camiola: A Girl with a Fortune.
The Dictator.
Red Diamonds.

'The Right Honourable.' By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

McCarthy (Justin Huntly), Works by.

The French Revolution. (Constituent Assembly, 1789-91). Four Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12*s.* each. Vols. I. & II. *ready*; Vols. III. & IV. *in the press.*
An Outline of the History of Ireland. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Ireland Since the Union: Sketches of Irish History, 1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6*s.*

Hafiz in London: Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Our Sensation Novel. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1*s.*; cloth limp, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Doom: An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1*s.*
Dolly: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1*s.*; cloth limp, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Lily Lass: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1*s.*; cloth limp, 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Thousand and One Days. With Two Photogravures. Two Vols., crown 8vo, half-bd., 12*s.*
A London Legend. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Shortly.*

MacDonald (George, LL.D.), Books by.

Works of Fancy and Imagination. Ten Vols., 16mo, cloth, gilt edges, in cloth case, 21*s.*; or the Volumes may be had separately, in Grolier cloth, at 2*s.* 6*d.* each.
Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.
" II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.
" III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.
" IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.
" V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.
" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.
" IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOYN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT.
" X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOW O' RIVVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.—THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

Poetical Works of George MacDonald. Collected and Arranged by the Author. Two Vols. crown 8vo, buckram, 12*s.*
A Threefold Cord. Edited by GEORGE MACDONALD. Post 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

Phantastes: A Faerie Romance. With 25 Illustrations by J. BELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Heather and Snow: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Lilith: A Romance. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Maclise Portrait Gallery (The) of Illustrious Literary Characters: 85 Portraits by DANIEL MACLISE; with Memoirs—Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Macquoid (Mrs.), Works by. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.* each.
In the Ardennes. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.
Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany. 34 Illusts. by T. R. MACQUOID.
Through Normandy. With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
Through Brittany. With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.
About Yorkshire. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each.
The Evil Eye, and other Stories. | **Lost Rose,** and other Stories.

Magician's Own Book, The: Performances with Eggs, Hats, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Magic Lantern, The, and its Management: Including full Practical Directions. By T. C. HEPWORTH. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Magna Charta: An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, 5*s.*

Mallory (Sir Thomas). — Mort d'Arthur: The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.*

Mallock (W. H.), Works by.
The New Republic. Post 8vo, picture cover, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
The New Paul & Virginia: Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
A Romance of the Nineteenth Century. Crown 8vo, cloth 6s.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Poems. Small 4to, parchment, 8s.
Is Life Worth Living? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Mark Twain, Books by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
The Choice Works of Mark Twain. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.
Roughing It; and **The Innocents at Home.** With 200 Illustrations by F. A. FRASER.
Mark Twain's Library of Humour. With 197 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra (illustrated), 7s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illustrations. (The Two Shilling Edition is entitled **Mark Twain's Pleasure Trip.**)
The Gilded Age. By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. With 111 Illustrations.
A Tramp Abroad. With 314 Illustrations.
The Prince and the Pauper. With 190 Illustrations.
Life on the Mississippi. With 300 Illustrations.
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. With 174 Illustrations by E. W. KEMBLE.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. With 220 Illustrations by DAN BEARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
The American Claimant. With 81 Illustrations by HAL HURST and others.
Tom Sawyer Abroad. With 26 Illustrations by DAN. BEARD.
Pudd'nhead Wilson. With Portrait and Six Illustrations by LOUIS LOEB.
Tom Sawyer, Detective, &c. With numerous Illustrations. *[Shortly.*

The £1,000,000 Bank-Note. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Stolen White Elephant. | **Mark Twain's Sketches.**

Marks (H. S., R.A.), Pen and Pencil Sketches by. With Four Photogravures and 126 Illustrations. Two Vols. demy 8vo, cloth, 32s.

Marlowe's Works. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Colonel CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Marryat (Florence), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.
A Harvest of Wild Oats. | **Fighting the Air.**
Open! Sesame! | **Written in Fire.**

Massinger's Plays. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Masterman (J.).—Half-a-Dozen Daughters. Post 8vo, boards, 2s.

Matthews (Brander).—A Secret of the Sea, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Mayhew (Henry).—London Characters, and the Humorous Side of London Life. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Meade (L. T.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
A Soldier of Fortune. | **In an Iron Grip.**

The Voice of the Charmer. Three Vols., 15s. net.

Merrick (Leonard).—The Man who was Good. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Mexican Mustang (On a), through Texas to the Rio Grande. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Middlemass (Jean), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s. each.
Touch and Go. | **Mr. Dorillion.**

Miller (Mrs. F. Fenwick).—Physiology for the Young; or, The House of Life. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Milton (J. L.), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.
The Hygiene of the Skin. With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, Wines, &c.
The Bath in Diseases of the Skin.
The Laws of Life, and their Relation to Diseases of the Skin.

Minto (Wm.).—Was She Good or Bad? Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Mitford (Bertram), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

The Gun-Runner: A Romance of Zululand. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.
The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.
The King's Assegai. With Six full-page Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.
Renshaw Fanning's Quest. With a Frontispiece by STANLEY L. WOOD.

Molesworth (Mrs.), Novels by.

Hathercourt Rectory. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
That Girl in Black. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Moncrieff (W. D. Scott-).—The Abdication: An Historical Drama.

With Seven Etchings by JOHN PETTIE, W. Q. ORCHARDSON, J. MACWHIRTER, COLIN HUNTER, R. MACBETH and TOM GRAHAM. Imperial 4to, buckram, 21s.

Moore (Thomas), Works by.

The Epicurean; and **Alciphron.** Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.
Prose and Verse; including Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON. Edited by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Muddock (J. E.) Stories by.

Stories Weird and Wonderful. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
The Dead Man's Secret. Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Cr. 8vo, cloth, 5s.; post 8vo, boards, 2s.
From the Bosom of the Deep. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Maid Marian and Robin Hood. With 12 Illusts. by STANLEY WOOD. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Basile the Jester. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. [*Shortly.*

Murray (D. Christie), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

A Life's Atonement.
Joseph's Coat. 12 Illusts.
Coals of Fire. 3 Illusts.
Val Strange.
Hearts.
The Way of the World.
A Model Father.
Old Blazer's Hero.
Cynic Fortune. Frontisp.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Bob Martin's Little Girl.
Time's Revenges.
A Wasted Crime.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

In Direst Peril. | **Mount Despair,** &c. Frontispiece by GRENVILLE MANTON.

The Making of a Novelist: An Experiment in Autobiography. With a Collotype Portrait and Vignette. Crown 8vo, art linen, 6s.

Murray (D. Christie) and Henry Herman, Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

One Traveller Returns. | **The Bishops' Bible.**
Paul Jones's Alias, &c. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and G. NICOLET.

Murray (Henry), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

A Game of Bluff. | **A Song of Sixpence.**

Newbolt (Henry).—Taken from the Enemy. Fcp. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Nisbet (Hume), Books by.

'Bail Up.' Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Dr. Bernard St. Vincent. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Lessons in Art. With 21 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.
Where Art Begins. With 27 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Norris (W. E.), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Saint Ann's. | **Billy Bellew.** With Frontispiece. [*Shortly.*

O'Hanlon (Alice), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Unforeseen. | **Chance? or Fate?**

Ouida, Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea.; post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. ea.

Held in Bondage.
Tricotrin.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage
Under Two Flags.
Puck. | **Idalia.**
Folle-Farine.
A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel. | **Signa.**
Two Wooden Shoes.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Friendship.
Moths. | **Pipistrello.**
A Village Commune.
In Maremma. | **Wanda.**
Bimbi. | **Syrlin.**
Frescoes. | **Othmar.**
Princess Napraxine.
Guilderoy. | **Ruffino.**

Square 8vo, cloth extra, 5s. each.

Bimbi. With Nine Illustrations by EDMUND H. GARRETT.
A Dog of Flanders, &c. With Six Illustrations by EDMUND H. GARRETT.

Santa Barbara, &c. Square 8vo, cloth, 6s.; crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Two Offenders. Square 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.; crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.—CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, 2s.

Ohnet (Georges), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Doctor Rameau. | **A Last Love.**

A Weird Gift. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.

Oliphant (Mrs.), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Primrose Path. | **Whiteladies.**
The Greatest Heiress in England.

O'Reilly (Mrs.).—Phœbe's Fortunes. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Page (H. A.), Works by.
Thoreau: His Life and Aims. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
Animal Anecdotes. Arranged on a New Principle. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Preface by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Pascal's Provincial Letters. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Paul (Margaret A.).—Gentle and Simple. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Payn (James), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Lost Sir Massingberd.
Walter's Word.
Less Black than We're Painted.
By Proxy. | **For Cash Only.**
High Spirits.
Under One Roof.
A Confidential Agent. With 12 Illusts.
A Grape from a Thorn. With 12 Illusts.
Holiday Tasks.
The Canon's Ward. With Portrait.
The Talk of the Town. With 12 Illusts.
Glow-Worm Tales.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Word and the Will.
The Burnt Million.
Sunny Stories. | **A Trying Patient.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Humorous Stories. | **From Exile.**
The Foster Brothers.
The Family Scapegrace.
Married Beneath Him.
Bentinck's Tutor.
A Perfect Treasure.
A County Family.
Like Father, Like Son.
A Woman's Vengeance.
Carlyon's Year. | **Cecil's Tryst.**
Murphy's Master.
At Her Mercy.
The Clyffards of Clyffe.
Found Dead.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
A Marine Residence.
Mirk Abbey.
Some Private Views.
Not Wooed, But Won.
Two Hundred Pounds Reward.
The Best of Husbands.
Halves.
Fallen Fortunes.
What He Cost Her.
Kit: A Memory.
A Prince of the Blood.

In Peril and Privation. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Notes from the 'News.' Crown 8vo, portrait cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Pennell (H. Cholmondeley), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. ea.
Puck on Pegasus. With Illustrations.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.
The Muses of Mayfair: Vers de Société. Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

Phelps (E. Stuart), Works by. Post 8vo, 1s. ea.; cloth, 1s. 6d. ea.
Beyond the Gates. | **An Old Maid's Paradise.** | **Burglars in Paradise.**

Jack the Fisherman. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Phil May's Sketch-Book. Containing 50 full-page Drawings. Imp. 4to, art canvas, gilt top, 10s. 6d.

Pirkis (C. L.), Novels by.
Trooping with Crows. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s.
Lady Lovelace. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Planche (J. R.), Works by.
The Pursuivant of Arms. With Six Plates and 209 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Songs and Poems, 1819-1879. With Introduction by Mrs. MACKARNESS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men. With Notes and a Life of Plutarch by JOHN and WM. LANGHORNE, and Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound 10s. 6d.

Poe's (Edgar Allan) Choice Works in Prose and Poetry. With Introduction by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, Portrait and Facsimiles. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
The Mystery of Marie Roget, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Pope's Poetical Works. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Praed (Mrs. Campbell), Novels by. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s. each.

The Romance of a Station. | **The Soul of Countess Adrian.**

Outlaw and Lawmaker. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, boards, 2s.
Christina Chard. With Frontispiece by W. PAGET. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Price (E. C.), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Valentina. | **The Foreigners.** | **Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.**

Gerald. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Princess Olga.—Radna: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Proctor (Richard A., B.A.), Works by.

Flowers of the Sky With 55 Illustrations. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Easy Star Lessons. With Star Maps for every Night in the Year. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Familiar Science Studies. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Saturn and its System. With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d.
Mysteries of Time and Space. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
The Universe of Suns, &c. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
Wages and Wants of Science Workers. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Pryce (Richard).—Miss Maxwell's Affections. Crown 8vo, cloth,

with Frontispiece by HAL LUDLOW, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Rambosson (J.).—Popular Astronomy. Translated by C. B. PITMAN. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Randolph (Lieut.-Col. George, U.S.A.).—Aunt Abigail Dykes:

A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Reade's (Charles) Novels.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, mostly Illustrated, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Peg Woffington. | **Christie Johnstone.**
'It is Never Too Late to Mend.'
The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth.
The Autobiography of a Thief; Jack of all Trades; and James Lambert.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Double Marriage.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
Hard Cash | **Griffith Gaunt.**
Foul Play. | **Put Yourself in His Place.**
A Terrible Temptation.
A Simpleton. | **The Wandering Heir.**
A Woman-Hater.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
The Jilt, and other Stories.
A Perilous Secret. | **Readiana.**

A New Collected LIBRARY EDITION, complete in Seventeen Volumes, set in new long primer type, printed on laid paper, and elegantly bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d. each, is now in course of publication. The volumes will appear in the following order:—

1. **Peg Woffington;** and **Christie Johnstone.**
2. **Hard Cash.**
3. **The Cloister and the Hearth.** With a Preface by Sir WALTER BESANT.
4. **'It is Never too Late to Mend.'** [*Dec.*
5. **The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth;** and **Singleheart and Doubleface.** [*Jan.* 1896.
6. **The Autobiography of a Thief; Jack of all Trades; A Hero and a Martyr;** and **The Wandering Heir.** [*Feb.*
7. **Love Me Little, Love me Long.** [*Mar.*
8. **The Double Marriage.** [*April.*
9. **Griffith Gaunt.** [*May.*
10. **Foul Play.** [*June.*
11. **Put Yourself in His Place.** [*July.*
12. **A Terrible Temptation.** [*August.*
13. **A Simpleton.** [*Sept.*
14. **A Woman-Hater.** [*Oct.*
15. **The Jilt,** and other Stories; and **Good Stories of Men & other Animals.** [*Nov.*
16. **A Perilous Secret.** [*Dec.*
17. **Readiana;** & **Bible Characters.** [*Jan.* '97

POPULAR EDITIONS, medium 8vo, 6d. each: cloth, 1s. each.

'It is Never Too Late to Mend.' | **The Cloister and the Hearth.**
Peg Woffington; and **Christie Johnstone.**

Christie Johnstone. With Frontispiece. Choicely printed in Elzevir style. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxb. 2s. 6d.
Peg Woffington. Choicely printed in Elzevir style. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d.
The Cloister and the Hearth. In Four Vols., post 8vo, with an Introduction by Sir WALTER BESANT, and a Frontispiece to each Vol., 14s. the set; and the ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION, with Illustrations on every page, Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 42s. net.
Bible Characters. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, 1s.

Selections from the Works of Charles Reade. With an Introduction by Mrs. ALEX. IRELAND. Crown 8vo, buckram, with Portrait, 6s.; CHEAP EDITION, post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

Riddell (Mrs. J. H.), Novels by.

Weird Stories. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

The Uninhabited House.
The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
Fairy Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
The Nun's Curse. | **Idle Tales.**

Rimmer (Alfred), Works by. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
Our Old Country Towns. With 55 Illustrations by the Author.
Rambles Round Eton and Harrow. With 50 Illustrations by the Author.
About England with Dickens. With 58 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF and A. RIMMER.

Rives (Amelie).—Barbara Dering. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*

Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE. (MAJOR'S EDITION.) With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2*s.*

Robinson (F. W.), Novels by.
Women are Strange. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*
The Hands of Justice. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*

The Woman in the Dark. Two Vols., 10*s.* net.

Robinson (Phil), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.* each.
The Poets' Birds. | **The Poets' Beasts.**
The Poets and Nature: Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects.

Rochefoucauld's Maxims and Moral Reflections. With Notes and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.*

Roll of Battle Abbey, The: A List of the Principal Warriors who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, 1066. Printed in Gold and Colours, 5*s.*

Rosengarten (A.).—A Handbook of Architectural Styles. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 630 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Rowley (Hon. Hugh), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.
Punjana: Riddles and Jokes. With numerous Illustrations.
More Punjana. Profusely Illustrated.

Runciman (James), Stories by. Post 8vo, bds., 2*s.* ea.; cl., 2*s.* 6*d.* ea.
Skippers and Shellbacks. | **Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.**
Schools and Scholars.

Russell (Dora), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
A Country Sweetheart. | **The Drift of Fate.** [*Shortly.*

Russell (W. Clark), Books and Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.* each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.
Round the Galley-Fire. | **A Book for the Hammock.**
In the Middle Watch. | **The Mystery of the 'Ocean Star.'**
A Voyage to the Cape. | **The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.
An Ocean Tragedy. | **My Shipmate Louise.** | **Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
Is He the Man? | **The Phantom Death, &c.** With Frontispiece.
The GoodShip 'Mohock.' | **The Convict Ship.** [*Shortly.*

On the Fo'k'sle Head. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Heart of Oak. Three Vols., crown 8vo, 15*s.* net.
The Tale of the Ten. Three Vols., crown 8vo, 15*s.* net. [*Shortly.*

Saint Aubyn (Alan), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each.
A Fellow of Trinity. With a Note by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and a Frontispiece.
The Junior Dean. | **The Master of St. Benedict's.** | **To His Own Master.**

Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1*s.* 6*d.* each.
The Old Maid's Sweetheart. | **Modest Little Sara.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
Orchard Damerel. | **In the Face of the World.** | **The Tremlett Diamonds.** [*Shortly*

Sala (George A.).—Gaslight and Daylight. Post 8vo, boards, 2*s.*

Sanson. — Seven Generations of Executioners: Memoirs of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Saunders (John), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each.
Guy Waterman. | **The Lion in the Path.** | **The Two Dreamers.**

Bound to the Wheel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Saunders (Katharine), Novels by.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Margaret and Elizabeth.
The High Mills.
Heart Salvage.
Sebastian.

Joan Merryweather. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.
Gideon's Rock. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Scotland Yard, Past and Present: Experiences of Thirty-seven Years.

By Ex-Chief-Inspector CAVANAGH. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Secret Out, The: One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or 'White' Magic.

By W. H. CREMER. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Seguin (L. G.), Works by.

The Country of the Passion Play (Oberammergau) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.
Walks in Algiers. With Two Maps and 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Senior (Wm.).—By Stream and Sea.

Post 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Sergeant (Adeline).—Dr. Endicott's Experiment.

Crown 8vo, buckram, 3s. 6d.

Shakespeare for Children: Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

With Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Sharp (William).—Children of To-morrow.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Shelley's (Percy Bysshe) Complete Works in Verse and Prose.

Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

Poetical Works, in Three Vols.:
Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.
" II. Laon and Cythna: The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.
" III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

Prose Works, in Two Vols.:
Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne: the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letters to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.
" II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With a Biography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.
*** Also a few copies of a LARGE-PAPER EDITION, 5 vols., cloth, £2 12s. 6d.

Sherard (R. H.).—Rogues: A Novel.

Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Sheridan (General P. H.), Personal Memoirs of.

With Portraits, Maps, and Facsimiles. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, 24s.

Sheridan's (Richard Brinsley) Complete Works,

with Life and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry, Translations, Speeches, and Jokes. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, half-bound, 7s. 6d.
The Rivals, The School for Scandal, and other Plays. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.
Sheridan's Comedies: The Rivals and **The School for Scandal.** Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, 12s. 6d.

Sidney's (Sir Philip) Complete Poetical Works,

including all those in 'Arcadia.' With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, 18s.

Sims (George R.), Works by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each; cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tinkletop's Crime.
Zeph: A Circus Story, &c.
Tales of To-day.
Dramas of Life. With 60 Illustrations.
Memoirs of a Landlady.
My Two Wives.
Scenes from the Show.
The Ten Commandments: Stories. [*Shortly.*

Crown 8vo, picture cover, 1s. each; cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

How the Poor Live; and **Horrible London.**
The Dagonet Reciter and Reader: Being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.
The Case of George Candlemas.
Dagonet Ditties. (From *The Referee.*)

Dagonet Abroad. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Signboards: Their History, including Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontis piece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *7s. 6d.*

Sister Dora: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, *4d.*; cloth, *6d.*

Sketchley (Arthur).—A Match in the Dark. Post 8vo, boards, *2s.*

Slang Dictionary (The): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *6s. 6d.*

Smart (Hawley).—Without Love or Licence: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *3s. 6d.*; post 8vo, illustrated boards, *2s.*

Smith (J. Moyr), Works by.
The Prince of Argolis. With 130 Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, *3s. 6d.*
The Wooing of the Water Witch. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, *6s.*

Society in London. Crown 8vo, *1s.*; cloth, *1s. 6d.*

Society in Paris: The Upper Ten Thousand. A Series of Letters from Count PAUL VASILI to a Young French Diplomat. Crown 8vo, cloth, *6s.*

Somerset (Lord Henry).—Songs of Adieu. Small 4to, Jap. vel., *6s.*

Spalding (T. A., LL.B.).—Elizabethan Demonology: An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *5s.*

Speight (T. W.), Novels by.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, *2s.* each.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
By Devious Ways, &c.
Hoodwinked; & Sandycroft Mystery.
The Golden Hoop.
Back to Life.
The Loudwater Tragedy.
Burgo's Romance.
Quittance in Full.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, *1s. 6d.* each.

A Barren Title. | **Wife or No Wife?**

The Sandycroft Mystery. Crown 8vo, picture cover, *1s.*

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *3s. 6d.* each.

A Secret of the Sea. | **The Grey Monk.** [*Shortly.*

Spenser for Children. By M. H. TOWRY. With Coloured Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth extra, *3s. 6d.*

Starry Heavens (The): A POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, *2s. 6d.*

Stedman (E. C.), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *9s.* each.
Victorian Poets. | **The Poets of America.**

Sterndale (R. Armitage).—The Afghan Knife: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, *3s. 6d.*; post 8vo, illustrated boards, *2s.*

Stevenson (R. Louis), Works by. Post 8vo, cloth limp, *2s. 6d.* ea.
Travels with a Donkey. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.
An Inland Voyage. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, *6s.* each.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books.
The Silverado Squatters. With Frontispiece by J. D. STRONG.
The Merry Men. | **Underwoods:** Poems.
Memories and Portraits.
Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. | **Ballads.** | **Prince Otto.**
Across the Plains, with other Memories and Essays.

New Arabian Nights. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top. *6s.*; post 8vo, Illustrated boards, *2s.*
The Suicide Club; and **The Rajah's Diamond.** (From NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.) With Eight Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth, *5s.*
Father Damien: An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. Cr. 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, *1s.*
The Edinburgh Edition of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Twenty Vols demy 8vo. This Edition (which is limited to 1,000 copies) is sold only in Sets, the price of which may be learned from the Booksellers. The Vols are appearing at the rate of one a month, beginning Nov. 1894.

Weir of Hermiston. (R. L. STEVENSON'S LAST WORK.) Large crown 8vo, *6s.* [*Shortly.*

Stoddard (C. Warren).—Summer Cruising in the South Seas. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Stories from Foreign Novelists. With Notices by HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Strange Manuscript (A) Found in a Copper Cylinder. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL, 5s.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Strange Secrets. Told by PERCY FITZGERALD, CONAN DOYLE, FLORENCE MARRYAT, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Strutt (Joseph). — The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England; including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Swift's (Dean) Choice Works, in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in 'Gulliver's Travels.' Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Gulliver's Travels, and **A Tale of a Tub.** Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.
Jonathan Swift: A Study. By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

Swinburne (Algernon C.), Works by.

Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.
Atalanta in Calydon. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Chastelard: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Poems and Ballads. FIRST SERIES. Crown 8vo, or fcap. 8vo, 9s.
Poems and Ballads. SECOND SERIES. Crown 8vo, 9s.
Poems & Ballads. THIRD SERIES. Cr. 8vo, 7s.
Songs before Sunrise. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Bothwell: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.
Songs of Two Nations. Crown 8vo, 6s.
George Chapman. (*See* Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S Works.) Crown 8vo, 6s.
Essays and Studies. Crown 8vo, 12s.
Erechtheus: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
A Note on Charlotte Bronte. Cr. 8vo, 6s.
A Study of Shakespeare. Crown 8vo, 8s.
Songs of the Springtides. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Studies in Song. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Mary Stuart: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 8s.
Tristram of Lyonesse. Crown 8vo, 9s.
A Century of Roundels. Small 4to, 8s.
A Midsummer Holiday. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Marino Faliero: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
A Study of Victor Hugo. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Miscellanies. Crown 8vo, 12s.
Locrine: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
A Study of Ben Jonson. Crown 8vo, 7s.
The Sisters: A Tragedy. Crown 8vo, 6s.
Astrophel, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s.
Studies in Prose and Poetry. Cr. 8vo, 9s.

Syntax's (Dr.) Three Tours: In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Taine's History of English Literature. Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small demy 8vo, cloth boards, 30s.—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, 15s.

Taylor (Bayard). — Diversions of the Echo Club: Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s.

Taylor (Dr. J. E., F.L.S.), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. each.
The Sagacity and Morality of Plants: A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations.
Our Common British Fossils, and Where to Find Them. With 331 Illustrations.
The Playtime Naturalist. With 366 Illustrations.

Taylor (Tom). — Historical Dramas. Containing 'Clancarty,' 'Jeanne Darc,' 'Twixt Axe and Crown,' 'The Fool's Revenge,' 'Arkwright's Wife,' 'Anne Boleyn,' 'Plot and Passion.' Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
*** The Plays may also be had separately, at 1s. each.

Tennyson (Lord): A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. Post 8vo, portrait cover, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Thackerayana: Notes and Anecdotes. With Coloured Frontispiece and Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Thames, A New Pictorial History of the. By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 340 Illustrations. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Thiers (Adolphe). — History of the Consulate and Empire of France under Napoleon. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL and JOHN STEBBING. With 36 Steel Plates. 12 Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12s. each.

Thomas (Bertha), Novels by. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea.; post 8vo, 2s. ea.
The Violin-Player. | **Proud Maisie.**

Cressida. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Thomson's Seasons, and The Castle of Indolence. With Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and 48 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.

Thornbury (Walter), Books by.
The Life and Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner. With Illustrations in Colours. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Old Stories Re-told. | **Tales for the Marines.**

Timbs (John), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
The History of Clubs and Club Life in London: Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelries, and Taverns. With 42 Illustrations.
English Eccentrics and Eccentricities: Stories of Delusions, Impostures, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, &c. With 48 Illustrations.

Trollope (Anthony), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
The Way We Live Now. | **Mr. Scarborough's Family.**
Frau Frohmann. | **The Land-Leaguers.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Kept in the Dark. | **The American Senator.**
The Golden Lion of Granpere. | **John Caldigate.** | **Marion Fay.**

Trollope (Frances E.), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Like Ships Upon the Sea. | **Mabel's Progress.** | **Anne Furness.**

Trollope (T. A.).—Diamond Cut Diamond. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

Trowbridge (J. T.).—Farnell's Folly. Post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

Tytler (C. C. Fraser-).—Mistress Judith: A Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Tytler (Sarah), Novels by.
Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Lady Bell. | **Buried Diamonds.** | **The Blackhall Ghosts.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
What She Came Through. | **The Huguenot Family.**
Citoyenne Jacqueline. | **Noblesse Oblige.**
The Bride's Pass. | **Beauty and the Beast.**
Saint Mungo's City. | **Disappeared.**

The Macdonald Lass. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Upward (Allen), Novels by.
The Queen Against Owen. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, boards, 2s.
The Prince of Balkistan. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Vashti and Esther. By the Writer of 'Belle's' Letters in *The World*. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Villari (Linda).—A Double Bond: A Story. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

Vizetelly (Ernest A.).—The Scorpion: A Romance of Spain. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation, by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions How to Angle, for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICHOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, 7s. 6d.

Walt Whitman, Poems by. Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, 6s.

Ward (Herbert), Books by.
Five Years with the Congo Cannibals. With 92 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, cloth, 14s.
My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard. With Map. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

Walford (Edward, M.A.), Works by.
Walford's County Families of the United Kingdom (1896). Containing the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of 12,000 Heads of Families, their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, 50*s.*
Walford's Shilling Peerage (1896). Containing a List of the House of Lords, Scotch and Irish Peers, &c. 32mo. cloth, 1*s.*
Walford's Shilling Baronetage (1896). Containing a List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, 1*s.*
Walford's Shilling Knightage (1896). Containing a List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, 1*s.*
Walford's Shilling House of Commons (1896). Containing a List of all the Members of the New Parliament, their Addresses, Clubs, &c. 32mo, cloth, 1*s.*
Walford's Complete Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons (1896). Royal 32mo, cloth, gilt edges, 5*s.* [*Preparing.*

Tales of our Great Families. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Warner (Charles Dudley).—A Roundabout Journey. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*

Warrant to Execute Charles I. A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. 2*s.*
Warrant to Execute Mary Queen of Scots. A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. 2*s.*

Washington's (George) Rules of Civility Traced to their Sources and Restored by MONCURE D. CONWAY. Fcap. 8vo, Japanese vellum, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Wassermann (Lillias), Novels by.
The Daffodils. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Marquis of Carabas. By AARON WATSON and LILLIAS WASSERMANN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*

Weather, How to Foretell the, with the Pocket Spectroscope. By F. W. CORY. With Ten Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Webber (Byron).—Fun, Frolic, and Fancy. With 43 Illustrations by PHIL MAY and CHARLES MAY. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 5*s.*

Westall (William), Novels by.
Trust-Money. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Sons of Belial. Two Vols., crown 8vo, 10*s.* net.

Whist, How to Play Solo. By ABRAHAM S. WILKS and CHARLES F. PARDON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.*

White (Gilbert).—The Natural History of Selborne. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2*s.*

Williams (W. Mattieu, F.R.A.S.), Works by.
Science in Short Chapters. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Simple Treatise on Heat. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Chemistry of Cookery. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*
The Chemistry of Iron and Steel Making. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 9*s.*
A Vindication of Phrenology. With Portrait and 43 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Williamson (Mrs. F. H.).—A Child Widow. Post 8vo, bds., 2*s.*

Wilson (Dr. Andrew, F.R.S.E.), Works by.
Chapters on Evolution. With 259 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Leisure-Time Studies. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*
Studies in Life and Sense. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6*s.*
Common Accidents: How to Treat Them. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Glimpses of Nature. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Winter (J. S.), Stories by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2*s.* each; cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.
Cavalry Life. | **Regimental Legends.**

A Soldier's Children. With 34 Illustrations by E. G. THOMSON and E. STUART HARDY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wissmann (Hermann von). — My Second Journey through Equatorial Africa. With 92 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16*s.*

Wood (H. F.), Detective Stories by. Post 8vo, boards, 2s. each.
The Passenger from Scotland Yard. | **The Englishman of the Rue Cain.**

Wood (Lady).—Sabina: A Novel. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

Woolley (Celia Parker).—Rachel Armstrong; or, Love and Theology. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

Wright (Thomas), Works by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.
The Caricature History of the Georges. With 400 Caricatures, Squibs, &c.
History of Caricature and of the Grotesque in Art, Literature, Sculpture, and Painting. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Wynman (Margaret).—My Flirtations. With 13 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Yates (Edmund), Novels by. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.
Land at Last. | **The Forlorn Hope.** | **Castaway.**

Zangwill (I.). — Ghetto Tragedies. With Three Illustrations by A. S. BOYD. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, 1s. net.

Zola (Emile), Novels by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.
The Fat and the Thin. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.
Money. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.
The Downfall. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY.
The Dream. Translated by ELIZA CHASE. With Eight Illustrations by JEANNIOT.
Doctor Pascal. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY. With Portrait of the Author.
Lourdes. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.
Rome. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. *[Shortly.*

SOME BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

*** *For fuller cataloguing, see alphabetical arrangement, pp.* 1–26.

The Mayfair Library. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By X. DE MAISTRE. Translated by Sir HENRY ATTWELL.
Quips and Quiddities. By W. D. ADAMS.
The Agony Column of 'The Times.'
Melancholy Anatomised: Abridgment of BURTON.
Poetical Ingenuities. By W. T. DOBSON.
The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. Three Series.
Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
Animals and their Masters. By Sir A. HELPS.
Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.
Curiosities of Criticism. By H. J. JENNINGS.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.
Little Essays: from LAMB'S LETTERS.
Forensic Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Theatrical Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Pastimes and Players. By R. MACGREGOR.
New Paul and Virginia. By W. H. MALLOCK.
The New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. C. PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-saddled. By H. C. PENNELL.
Muses of Mayfair. Edited by H. C. PENNELL.
Thoreau: His Life and Aims. By H. A. PAGE.
Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
More Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
The Philosophy of Handwriting.
By Stream and Sea. By WILLIAM SENIOR.
Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

The Golden Library. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. per Volume.

Diversions of the Echo Club. BAYARD TAYLOR.
Songs for Sailors. By W. C. BENNETT.
Lives of the Necromancers. By W. GODWIN.
The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.
Scenes of Country Life. By EDWARD JESSE.
Tale for a Chimney Corner. By LEIGH HUNT.
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
La Mort d'Arthur: Selections from MALLORY.
Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal.
Maxims and Reflections of Rochefoucauld.

The Wanderer's Library. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Wanderings in Patagonia. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
Merrie England in the Olden Time. By G. DANIEL. Illustrated by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.
Circus Life. By THOMAS FROST.
Lives of the Conjurers. By THOMAS FROST.
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.
Low-Life Deeps. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
The Wilds of London. By JAMES GREENWOOD.
Tunis. By Chev. HESSE-WARTEGG. 22 Illusts.
Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack.
World Behind the Scenes. By P. FITZGERALD.
Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings.
The Genial Showman. By E. P. HINGSTON.
Story of London Parks. By JACOB LARWOOD.
London Characters. By HENRY MAYHEW.
Seven Generations of Executioners.
Summer Cruising in the South Seas. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated.

BOOKS IN SERIES—*continued.*

Handy Novels. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d. each.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart. By A. ST. AUBYN.
Modest Little Sara. By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. M. E. COLERIDGE.
Taken from the Enemy. By H. NEWBOLT.
A Lost Soul. By W. L. ALDEN.
Dr. Palliser's Patient. By GRANT ALLEN.
Monte Carlo Stories. By JOAN BARRETT.

My Library. Printed on laid paper, post 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d. each.

Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. By W. S. LANDOR.
The Journal of Maurice de Guerin.
Christie Johnstone. By CHARLES READE.
Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb.

The Pocket Library. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf.-bd., 2s. each.

The Essays of Elia. By CHARLES LAMB.
Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated by G. CRUIKSHANK.
Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD.
The Barber's Chair. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Gastronomy. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN.
The Epicurean, &c. By THOMAS MOORE.
Leigh Hunt's Essays. Edited by E. OLLIER.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Gulliver's Travels, &c. By Dean SWIFT.
Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Thomson's Seasons. Illustrated.
Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table and The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. By O. W. HOLMES.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

By F. M. ALLEN.

Green as Grass.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Philistia.
Strange Stories.
Babylon.
For Maimie's Sake,
In all Shades.
The Beckoning Hand.
The Devil's Die.
This Mortal Coil.
The Tents of Shem.
The Great Taboo.
Dumaresq's Daughter.
Duchess of Powysland.
Blood Royal.
Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.
The Scallywag.
At Market Value.
Under Sealed Orders.

By MARY ANDERSON.

Othello's Occupation.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

Phra the Phœnician.
The Constable of St. Nicholas.

By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

Red Spider.
Eve.

By ROBERT BARR.

In a Steamer Chair.
From Whose Bourne.

By FRANK BARRETT.

The Woman of the Iron Bracelets.

By 'BELLE.'

Vashti and Esther.

By Sir W. BESANT and J. RICE.

Ready-Money Mortiboy.
My Little Girl.
With Harp and Crown.
This Son of Vulcan.
The Golden Butterfly.
The Monks of Thelema.
By Celia's Arbour.
Chaplain of the Fleet.
The Seamy Side.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
In Trafalgar's Bay.
The Ten Years' Tenant.

By Sir WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
Dorothy Forster.
Uncle Jack.
The World Went Very Well Then.
Children of Gibeon.
Herr Paulus.
For Faith and Freedom.
To Call Her Mine.
The Bell of St. Paul's.
The Holy Rose.
Armorel of Lyonesse.
S. Katherine's by Tower
Verbena Camellia Stephanotis.
The Ivory Gate.
The Rebel Queen.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
God and the Man.
Martyrdom of Madeline
Love Me for Ever.
Annan Water.
Foxglove Manor.
The New Abelard.
Matt. | Rachel Dene.
Master of the Mine.
The Heir of Linne.
Woman and the Man.
Red and White Heather.

ROB. BUCHANAN & HY. MURRAY.

The Charlatan.

By J. MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

The Minor Chord.

By HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.

The Red Sultan.
The Burden of Isabel.

By MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.

Transmigration.
Blacksmith & Scholar.
The Village Comedy.
From Midnight to Midnight.
You Play me False.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
The Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs.?
The New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Two Destinies.
The Law and the Lady.
The Haunted Hotel.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
'I Say No.'
Little Novels.
The Evil Genius.
The Legacy of Cain.
A Rogue's Life.
Blind Love.

By DUTTON COOK.

Paul Foster's Daughter.

By E. H. COOPER.

Geoffory Hamilton.

By V. CECIL COTES.

Two Girls on a Barge.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.

His Vanished Star.

By H. N. CRELLIN.

Romances of the Old Seraglio.

By MATT CRIM.

The Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By S. R. CROCKETT and others.

Tales of Our Coast.

By B. M. CROKER.

Diana Barrington.
Proper Pride.
A Family Likeness.
Pretty Miss Neville.
A Bird of Passage.
'To Let.'
Mr. Jervis.
Village Tales & Jungle Tragedies.
The Real Lady Hilda.

By WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By H. COLEMAN DAVIDSON.

Mr. Sadler's Daughters.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.

The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By. J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

By DICK DONOVAN.

Tracked to Doom. | Man from Manchester.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

The Firm of Girdlestone.

By S. JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

A Daughter of To-day. | Vernon's Aunt.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

The New Mistress. | The Tiger Lily.
Witness to the Deed. | The White Virgin.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Fatal Zero.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.

One by One. | King or Knave?
A Dog and his Shadow. | Ropes of Sand.
A Real Queen. | Jack Doyle's Daughter.

Prefaced by Sir BARTLE FRERE.

Pandurang Hari.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

The Capel Girls.

By PAUL GAULOT.

The Red Shirts.

By CHARLES GIBBON.

Robin Gray. | The Golden Shaft.
Loving a Dream.

By E. GLANVILLE.

The Lost Heiress. | The Fossicker.
A Fair Colonist.

By E. J. GOODMAN.

The Fate of Herbert Wayne.

By CECIL GRIFFITH.

Corinthia Marazion.

By SYDNEY GRUNDY.

The Days of his Vanity.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By BRET HARTE.

A Waif of the Plains. | Susy.
A Ward of the Golden Gate. | Sally Dows.
A Sappho of Green Springs. | A Protegée of Jack Hamlin's.
Col. Starbottle's Client. | Bell-Ringer of Angel's.
| Clarence.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Garth. | Beatrix Randolph.
Ellice Quentin. | David Poindexter's Disappearance.
Sebastian Strome. | The Spectre of the Camera.
Dust.
Fortune's Fool.

By Sir A. HELPS.

Ivan de Biron.

By I. HENDERSON.

Agatha Page.

By G. A. HENTY.

Rujub the Juggler. | Dorothy's Double.

By JOHN HILL.

The Common Ancestor.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.

Lady Verner's Flight. | The Red-House Mystery.
The Three Graces.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.

The Leaden Casket. | Self-Condemned.
That Other Person. | Mrs. Juliet.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Honour of Thieves.

By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game.
'The Wearing of the Green.'

By EDMOND LEPELLETIER.

Madame Sans-Gêne.

By HARRY LINDSAY.

Rhoda Roberts.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

Patricia Kemball. | Sowing the Wind.
Under which Lord? | The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
'My Love!' | The World Well Lost.
Ione. | The One Too Many.
Paston Carew.

By H. W. LUCY.

Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A Fair Saxon. | Miss Misanthrope.
Linley Rochford. | Donna Quixote.
Dear Lady Disdain. | Red Diamonds.
Camiola. | Maid of Athens.
Waterdale Neighbours. | The Dictator.
My Enemy's Daughter. | The Comet of a Season.

By JUSTIN H. McCARTHY.

A London Legend.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

Heather and Snow. | Phantastes.

By L. T. MEADE.

A Soldier of Fortune. | In an Iron Grip.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

The Gun-Runner. | The King's Assegai.
The Luck of Gerard Ridgeley. | Renshaw Fanning's Quest.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.

Maid Marian and Robin Hood.
Basile the Jester.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Life's Atonement. | First Person Singular.
Joseph's Coat. | Cynic Fortune.
Coals of Fire. | The Way of the World.
Old Blazer's Hero. | Bob Martin's Little Girl.
Val Strange. | Hearts. | Time's Revenges.
A Model Father. | A Wasted Crime.
By the Gate of the Sea. | In Direst Peril.
A Bit of Human Nature. | Mount Despair.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.

The Bishops' Bible. | Paul Jones's Alias.
One Traveller Returns.

By HUME NISBET.

'Bail Up!'

By W. E. NORRIS.

Saint Ann's. | Billy Bellew.

By G. OHNET.

A Weird Gift.

By OUIDA.

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Strathmore. | In a Winter City.
Chandos. | Friendship.
Under Two Flags. | Moths.
Idalia. | Ruffino.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. | Pipistrello.
Tricotrin. | A Village Commune.
Puck. | Bimbi.
Folle Farine. | Wanda.
A Dog of Flanders. | Frescoes. | Othmar.
Pascarel. | In Maremma.
Signa. | Syrlin. | Guilderoy.
Princess Napraxine. | Santa Barbara.
Ariadne. | Two Offenders.

By MARGARET A. PAUL.

Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.

Lost Sir Massingberd. | High Spirits.
Less Black than We're Painted. | Under One Roof.
A Confidential Agent. | Glow-worm Tales.
A Grape from a Thorn. | The Talk of the Town.
In Peril and Privation. | Holiday Tasks.
The Mystery of Mirbridge. | For Cash Only.
By Proxy. | The Burnt Million.
The Canon's Ward. | The Word and the Will.
Walter's Word. | Sunny Stories.
| A Trying Patient.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—*continued.*

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

Outlaw and Lawmaker. | Christina Chard.

By E. C. PRICE.

Valentina. | Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
The Foreigners.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend. | Singleheart and Double-face.
The Double Marriage. | Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long. | Hard Cash.
The Cloister and the Hearth. | Peg Woffington. | Christie Johnstone.
The Course of True Love. | Griffith Gaunt.
The Autobiography of a Thief. | Foul Play.
Put Yourself in His Place. | The Wandering Heir.
A Terrible Temptation. | A Woman-Hater.
The Jilt. | A Simpleton. | A Perilous Secret. | Readiana.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Weird Stories.

By AMELIE RIVES.

Barbara Dering.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

The Hands of Justice.

By DORA RUSSELL.

A Country Sweetheart. | The Drift of Fate.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Ocean Tragedy. | Is He the Man?
My Shipmate Louise. | The Good Ship 'Mohock.'
Alone on Wide Wide Sea | The Convict Ship.
The Phantom Death.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman. | The Two Dreamers.
Bound to the Wheel. | The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Margaret and Elizabeth | Heart Salvage.
Gideon's Rock. | Sebastian.
The High Mills.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Dr. Endicott's Experiment.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

A Secret of the Sea. | The Grey Monk.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A Fellow of Trinity. | In Face of the World.
The Junior Dean. | Orchard Damerel
Master of St. Benedict's. | The Tremlett Diamonds.
To his Own Master.

By R. A. STERNDALE.

The Afghan Knife.

By BERTHA THOMAS.

Proud Maisie. | The Violin-Player.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The Way we Live Now. | Scarborough's Family.
Frau Frohmann. | The Land-Leaguers.

By FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea. | Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By MARK TWAIN.

The American Claimant. | Pudd'nhead Wilson.
The £1,000,000 Bank-note. | Tom Sawyer, Detective.
Tom Sawyer Abroad.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

Lady Bell. | The Blackhall Ghosts.
Buried Diamonds. | The Macdonald Lass.

By ALLEN UPWARD.

The Queen against Owen.
The Prince of Balkistan.

By E. A. VIZETELLY.

The Scorpion: A Romance of Spain.

By J. S. WINTER.

A Soldier's Children.

By MARGARET WYNMAN.

My Flirtations.

By E. ZOLA.

The Downfall. | Money. | Lourdes
The Dream. | The Fat and the Thin.
Dr. Pascal. | Rome.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

By ARTEMUS WARD.

Artemus Ward Complete.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

The Fellah.

By HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

Carr of Carriyon. | Confidences.

By MARY ALBERT.

Brooke Finchley's Daughter.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

Maid, Wife or Widow? | Valerie's Fate.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Philistia. | The Great Taboo.
Strange Stories. | Dumaresq's Daughter.
Babylon. | Duchess of Powysland.
For Maimie's Sake. | Blood Royal.
In all Shades. | Ivan Greet's Masterpiece.
The Beckoning Hand. | The Scallywag.
The Devil's Die. | This Mortal Coil.
The Tents of Shem.

By E. LESTER ARNOLD.

Phra the Phœnician.

By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

Red Spider. | Eve.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

Fettered for Life. | Honest Davie.
Little Lady Linton. | A Prodigal's Progress.
Between Life & Death. | Found Guilty.
The Sin of Olga Zassoulich. | A Recoiling Vengeance.
Folly Morrison. | For Love and Honour.
Lieut. Barnabas. | John Ford; and His Helpmate.

By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.

Grantley Grange.

By Sir W. BESANT and J. RICE.

Ready-Money Mortiboy | By Celia's Arbour.
My Little Girl. | Chaplain of the Fleet.
With Harp and Crown. | The Seamy Side.
This Son of Vulcan. | The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
The Golden Butterfly. | In Trafalgar's Bay.
The Monks of Thelema. | The Ten Years' Tenant.

By Sir WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men. | For Faith and Freedom.
The Captains' Room. | To Call Her Mine.
All in a Garden Fair. | The Bell of St. Paul's.
Dorothy Forster. | The Holy Rose.
Uncle Jack. | Armorel of Lyonesse.
The World Went Very Well Then. | S. Katherine's by Tower.
Children of Gibeon. | Verbena Camellia Stephanotis.
Herr Paulus. | The Ivory Gate.
The Rebel Queen.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By AMBROSE BIERCE.
In the Midst of Life.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Camp Notes.
Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.

By BRET HARTE.
Californian Stories.
Gabriel Conroy.
The Luck of Roaring Camp.
An Heiress of Red Dog.
Flip.
Maruja.
A Phyllis of the Sierras.
A Waif of the Plains.
A Ward of the Golden Gate.

By HAROLD BRYDGES.
Uncle Sam at Home.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Shadow of the Sword.
A Child of Nature.
God and the Man.
Love Me for Ever.
Foxglove Manor.
The Master of the Mine.
The Martyrdom of Madeline.
Annan Water.
The New Abelard.
Matt.
The Heir of Linne.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime.
A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

By Commander CAMERON.
The Cruise of the 'Black Prince.'

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.
Deceivers Ever.
Juliet's Guardian.

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.
The Adventures of Jones.

By AUSTIN CLARE.
For the Love of a Lass.

By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.
Paul Ferroll.
Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.
The Cure of Souls.
The Red Sultan.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.
The Bar Sinister.

By MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.
Sweet Anne Page.
Transmigration.
From Midnight to Midnight.
A Fight with Fortune.
Sweet and Twenty.
The Village Comedy.
You Play me False.
Blacksmith and Scholar
Frances.

By WILKIE COLLINS.
Armadale.
After Dark.
No Name.
Antonina.
Basil.
Hide and Seek.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
Miss or Mrs.?
The New Magdalen.
The Frozen Deep.
The Law and the Lady.
The Two Destinies.
The Haunted Hotel.
A Rogue's Life.
My Miscellanies.
The Woman in White.
The Moonstone.
Man and Wife.
Poor Miss Finch.
The Fallen Leaves.
Jezebel's Daughter.
The Black Robe.
Heart and Science.
'I Say No!'
The Evil Genius.
Little Novels.
Legacy of Cain.
Blind Love.

By M. J. COLQUHOUN.
Every Inch a Soldier.

By DUTTON COOK.
Leo.
Paul Foster's Daughter.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.
The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By MATT CRIM.
The Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By B. M. CROKER.
Pretty Miss Neville.
Diana Barrington.
'To Let.'
A Bird of Passage.
Proper Pride.
A Family Likeness.

By W. CYPLES.
Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.
The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMUS DAWSON.
The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.
A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DERWENT.
Our Lady of Tears.
Circe's Lovers.

By CHARLES DICKENS.
Sketches by Boz.
Oliver Twist.
Nicholas Nickleby.

By DICK DONOVAN.
The Man-Hunter.
Tracked and Taken.
Caught at Last!
Wanted!
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
Man from Manchester.
A Detective's Triumphs
In the Grip of the Law.
From Information Received.
Tracked to Doom.
Link by Link
Suspicion Aroused.
Dark Deeds.
The Long Arm of the Law.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.
A Point of Honour.
Archie Lovell.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
Felicia.
Kitty.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.
Roxy.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.
The New Mistress.
Witness to the Deed.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Bella Donna.
Never Forgotten.
Polly.
Fatal Zero.
Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.

By P. FITZGERALD and others.
Strange Secrets.

By ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.
Filthy Lucre.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.
Olympia.
One by One.
A Real Queen.
Queen Cophetua.
King or Knave?
Romances of the Law.
Ropes of Sand.
A Dog and his Shadow.

By HAROLD FREDERIC.
Seth's Brother's Wife.
The Lawton Girl.

Prefaced by Sir BARTLE FRERE.
Pandurang Hari.

By HAIN FRISWELL.
One of Two.

By EDWARD GARRETT.
The Capel Girls.

By GILBERT GAUL.
A Strange Manuscript.

By CHARLES GIBBON.
Robin Gray.
Fancy Free.
For Lack of Gold.
What will the World Say?
In Love and War.
For the King.
In Pastures Green.
Queen of the Meadow.
A Heart's Problem.
The Dead Heart.
In Honour Bound.
Flower of the Forest.
The Braes of Yarrow.
The Golden Shaft.
Of High Degree.
By Mead and Stream.
Loving a Dream.
A Hard Knot.
Heart's Delight.
Blood-Money.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.
Dr. Austin's Guests.
James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.
The Lost Heiress.
A Fair Colonist.
The Fossicker.

By HENRY GREVILLE.
A Noble Woman.
Nikanor.

By CECIL GRIFFITH.
Corinthia Marazion.

By SYDNEY GRUNDY.
The Days of his Vanity.

By JOHN HABBERTON.
Brueton's Bayou.
Country Luck.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.
Every-day Papers.

By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.
Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By THOMAS HARDY.
Under the Greenwood Tree.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD.
The Tenth Earl.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Garth.
Ellice Quentin.
Fortune's Fool.
Miss Cadogna.
Sebastian Strome.
Dust.
Beatrix Randolph.
Love—or a Name.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By Sir ARTHUR HELPS.
Ivan de Biron.

By HENRY HERMAN.
A Leading Lady.

By HEADON HILL.
Zambra the Detective.

By JOHN HILL.
Treason Felony.

By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.
The Lover's Creed.

By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.
The House of Raby.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.
Twixt Love and Duty.

By Mrs. HUNGERFORD.
A Maiden all Forlorn.
In Durance Vile.
Marvel.
A Mental Struggle.
A Modern Circe.
Lady Verner's Flight.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.
Thornicroft's Model.
That Other Person.
Self-Condemned.
The Leaden Casket.

By JEAN INGELOW.
Fated to be Free.

By WM. JAMESON.
My Dead Self.

By HARRIETT JAY.
The Dark Colleen.
Queen of Connaught.

By MARK KERSHAW.
Colonial Facts and Fictions.

By R. ASHE KING.
A Drawn Game.
'The Wearing of the Green.'
Passion's Slave.
Bell Barry.

By JOHN LEYS.
The Lindsays.

By E. LYNN LINTON.
Patricia Kemball.
The World Well Lost.
Under which Lord?
Paston Carew.
'My Love!'
Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.

By HENRY W. LUCY.
Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.
Dear Lady Disdain.
Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
A Fair Saxon.
Linley Rochford.
Miss Misanthrope.
Camiola.
Donna Quixote.
Maid of Athens.
The Comet of a Season.
The Dictator.
Red Diamonds.

By HUGH MACCOLL.
Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet.

By AGNES MACDONELL.
Quaker Cousins.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
The Evil Eye.
Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.
A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.
The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
Open! Sesame!
Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
Written in Fire.

By J. MASTERMAN.
Half-a-dozen Daughters.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.
A Secret of the Sea.

By LEONARD MERRICK.
The Man who was Good.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
Touch and Go.
Mr. Dorrillion.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.
Hathercourt Rectory.

By J. E. MUDDOCK.
Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.
From the Bosom of the Deep.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.
A Model Father.
Joseph's Coat.
Coals of Fire.
Val Strange.
Old Blazer's Hero.
Hearts.
The Way of the World
Cynic Fortune.
A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Bob Martin's Little Girl.
Time's Revenges.
A Wasted Crime.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.
One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.
The Bishops' Bible.

By HENRY MURRAY.
A Game of Bluff.
A Song of Sixpence.

By HUME NISBET.
'Bail Up!'
Dr. Bernard St. Vincent.

By ALICE O'HANLON.
The Unforeseen.
Chance? or Fate?

By GEORGES OHNET.
Dr. Rameau.
A Last Love.
A Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
Whiteladies.
The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.
Phœbe's Fortunes.

By OUIDA.
Held in Bondage.
Strathmore.
Chandos.
Idalia.
Under Two Flags.
Cecil Castlemaine's Gage
Tricotrin.
Puck.
Folle Farine.
A Dog of Flanders.
Pascarel.
Signa.
Princess Napraxine.
In a Winter City.
Ariadne.
Friendship.
Two Little Wooden Shoes.
Moths.
Bimbi.
Pipistrello.
A Village Commune.
Wanda.
Othmar.
Frescoes.
In Maremma.
Guilderoy.
Ruffino.
Syrlin.
Santa Barbara.
Ouida's Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.

By MARGARET AGNES PAUL.
Gentle and Simple.

By C. L. PIRKIS.
Lady Lovelace.

By EDGAR A. POE.
The Mystery of Marie Roget.

By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.
The Romance of a Station.
The Soul of Countess Adrian.
Outlaw and Lawmaker.

By E. C. PRICE.
Valentina.
The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
Gerald.

By RICHARD PRYCE.
Miss Maxwell's Affections.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

By JAMES PAYN.

Bentinck's Tutor.
Murphy's Master.
A County Family.
At Her Mercy.
Cecil's Tryst.
The Clyffards of Clyffe.
The Foster Brothers.
Found Dead.
The Best of Husbands.
Walter's Word.
Halves.
Fallen Fortunes.
Humorous Stories.
£200 Reward.
A Marine Residence.
Mirk Abbey.
By Proxy.
Under One Roof.
High Spirits.
Carlyon's Year.
From Exile.
For Cash Only.
Kit.
The Canon's Ward.
The Talk of the Town.
Holiday Tasks.
A Perfect Treasure.
What He Cost Her.
A Confidential Agent.
Glow-worm Tales.
The Burnt Million.
Sunny Stories.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wooed, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Word and the Will.
A Prince of the Blood.
A Trying Patient.

By CHARLES READE.

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
Christie Johnstone.
The Double Marriage.
Put Yourself in His Place
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Jilt.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
A Terrible Temptation.
Foul Play.
The Wandering Heir.
Hard Cash.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Peg Woffington.
Griffith Gaunt.
A Perilous Secret.
A Simpleton.
Readiana.
A Woman-Hater.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.

Weird Stories.
Fairy Water.
Her Mother's Darling.
The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
The Uninhabited House.
The Mystery in Palace Gardens.
The Nun's Curse.
Idle Tales.

By AMELIE RIVES.

Barbara Dering.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.

Skippers and Shellbacks.
Grace Balmaign's Sweetheart.
Schools and Scholars.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Round the Galley Fire.
On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch.
A Voyage to the Cape.
A Book for the Hammock.
The Mystery of the 'Ocean Star.'
The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.
Alone on a Wide Wide Sea.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Gaslight and Daylight.

By JOHN SAUNDERS.

Guy Waterman.
The Two Dreamers.
The Lion in the Path.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Joan Merryweather.
The High Mills.
Heart Salvage.
Sebastian.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
The Ring o' Bells.
Mary Jane's Memoirs.
Mary Jane Married.
Tales of To-day.
Dramas of Life.
Tinkletop's Crime.
Zeph.
My Two Wives.
Memoirs of a Landlady.
Scenes from the Show.
Ten Commandments.

By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

A Match in the Dark.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Without Love or Licence.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
The Golden Hoop.
Hoodwinked.
By Devious Ways.
Back to Life.
The Loudwater Tragedy.
Burgo's Romance.
Quittance in Full.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A Fellow of Trinity.
The Junior Dean.
Master of St. Benedict's
To His Own Master.

By R. A. STERNDALE.

The Afghan Knife.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

New Arabian Nights.
Prince Otto.

By BERTHA THOMAS.

Cressida.
Proud Maisie.
The Violin-Player.

By WALTER THORNBURY.

Tales for the Marines.
Old Stories Retold.

By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness.
Mabel's Progress.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Frau Frohmann.
Marion Fay.
Kept in the Dark.
John Caldigate.
The Way We Live Now.
The Land-Leaguers.
The American Senator.
Mr. Scarborough's Family.
The Golden Lion of Granpere.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Farnell's Folly.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By MARK TWAIN.

A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
The Gilded Age.
Huckleberry Finn.
Mark Twain's Sketches.
Tom Sawyer.
A Tramp Abroad.
Stolen White Elephant.
Life on the Mississippi.
The Prince and the Pauper.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.
The £1,000,000 Bank-Note.

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.

The Bride's Pass.
Buried Diamonds.
St. Mungo's City.
Lady Bell.
Noblesse Oblige.
Disappeared.
The Huguenot Family.
The Blackhall Ghosts.
What She Came Through
Beauty and the Beast.
Citoyenne Jaqueline.

By ALLEN UPWARD.

The Queen against Owen.

By AARON WATSON and LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

The Marquis of Carabas.

By WILLIAM WESTALL.

Trust-Money.

By Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON.

A Child Widow.

By J. S. WINTER.

Cavalry Life.
Regimental Legends.

By H. F. WOOD.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By Lady WOOD.

Sabina.

By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Rachel Armstrong; or, Love and Theology.

By EDMUND YATES.

The Forlorn Hope.
Land at Last.
Castaway.

OGDEN, SMALE AND CO, LIMITED, PRINTERS, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, E.C.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 084218095